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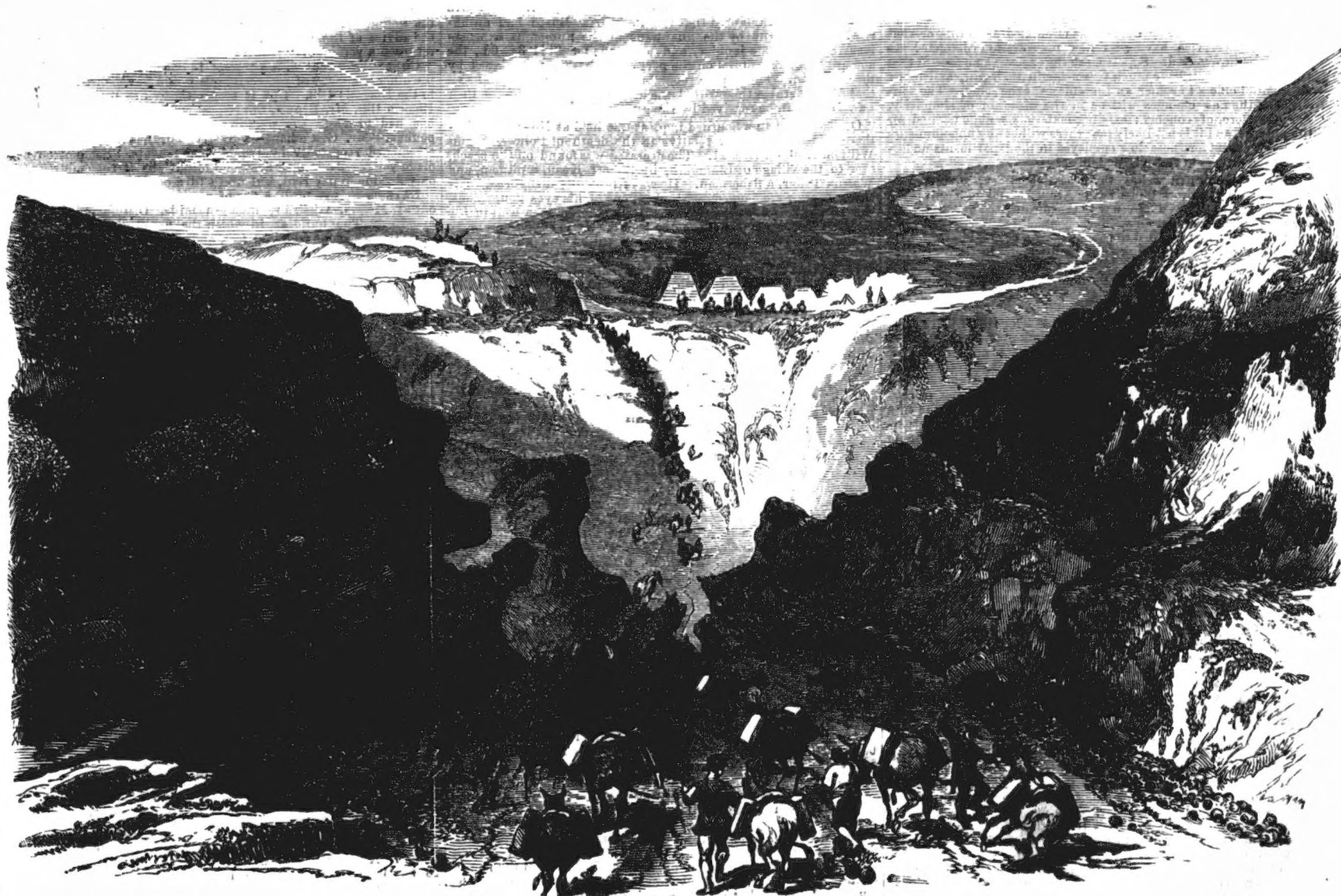
[ONE PENNY.]

## STATE OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE President is making the most of his victory over Congress. In removing General Pope and his subordinate, Swayne from command, in the Third Military District (Georgia, Alabama, and Florida), Mr. Johnson has emphatically declared to the world, "I am master of the situation." A striking proof of the change that has taken place in public opinion is found in the fact that the people hail these changes in office, manifestly intended to obstruct the success of the Radical scheme of re-construction, with pleasure; and the most violent Radical representatives content themselves with spiteful mutterings where once they would have indulged in fiercest malediction. The President believes that the plan of re-construction proposed by Congress will fail—indeed he has predicted its total defeat; but he is not the less anxious that the administration of the re-construction laws shall be placed in Conservative hands. He is a politician, and he has acted with a politician's cunning in selecting the present as the time for the removal of General Pope. Having permitted re-construction in the Third Military District to proceed to the verge of success, he interferes at the vital moment in such a manner as to make failure of the scheme by no means improbable. In the view of Congress this will doubtless be called "obstruction of the law"; but Mr. Johnson will have no difficulty in showing that he has strictly maintained the law and regarded his oath. For he has not acted wholly as a politician. Things had indeed come to a sad pass in the Third District under Pope's government. Irrespon-

sible officers of the Freedmen's Bureau were permitted to seize the public moneys; while men were disarmed and negroes permitted to form military organisations; the civil courts were closed by soldiery. The South is now practically governed by Conservatives. General Schofield, of the first District, is certainly not a Radical; General Canby, of the Second District, is a Conservative; General Meade, of the Third District, has always acted with the Democratic party, although he does not look with favour upon the President's theories of "re-construction." What is apparently strange, some of the leading Radical journals make these changes in the Southern districts an excuse for an attack upon General Grant, holding him, rather than the President, responsible. They say that the order of removal is signed by Grant, that Grant is used as an instrument to strike down Republican generals, that the President shields himself behind Grant's name, that if Grant had any real friendship for the true Republican party he would not remain in the Cabinet. "Nominate such a man for the Presidency," exclaimed the Radical journals, "never!" That is the gist of the argument. However, the Grant movement proceeds with increasing vigour. The New York merchants, who have the "Commercial movement for Grant" in charge, have, by their chairman (Mr. A. T. Stewart), made public their plan of operations. It is briefly to avoid all complications with politicians, and to appeal by circular letter to the "business men" of the country to support Grant as the champion of the commercial interests. Mr. Stewart and his fellow-

millionaires do not, however, favour the public with any statement of Grant's views. It is understood that Mr. Stewart has received a letter from General Grant, in which the General accepts the nomination of the merchants, approves the resolutions adopted by the late Cooper Institute Convention, and authorises his friends to push his claims for the Presidency. It is possible that General Grant may be elected; it is not probable that he will be. The friends of Chief Justice Chase—the Radicals—are confident that their favourite will receive the nomination of the Republican convention. If the Southern States, "re-constructed" under the Radical plan, are represented in that convention, they will vote unanimously for Chase. The Southern "Union Leagues" constitute a vast machine, controlled by the Chase managers in Washington; already these "leagues" are nominating Chase, as ordered by the Northern Radical managers. The Radical leaders hope that the Grant movement will exhaust itself before the real work of selecting candidates is reached. The success of the Democratic party in the approaching Presidential election is highly probable. The Democratic managers have already resolved to re-nominate General McClellan. McClellan is probably the strongest man in the Democratic party. His friends have induced him to remain abroad during the past three years; he will return to the United States in the spring, free to accept a nomination, and free from "entangling alliance" with the doubtful politics of the "Re-construction" period. He can be nominated; what is more important, he can be elected.



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—TROOPS, WITH BAGGAGE PASSING THROUGH A MOUNTAIN GORGE.



## COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE governorship of the Cardiff County Gaol is about to become vacant by the resignation of Mr. Woods.

THE election of a chief constable of Lancashire (salary £500) per annum will be held on February 6th next.

THE members of the Croydon Conservative Association celebrated on Saturday, by a public dinner, the anniversary of its establishment. The principal speeches of the evening were delivered by Mr. Cleasby, Q.C., who filled the chair, by Mr. Garth, M.P., and by the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, the vicar of the town; but a number of other gentlemen also took an active part in the proceedings, which were throughout conducted with much enthusiasm and unanimity.

LORD JUSTICE ROLT has had an attack of paralysis, from which, we trust, he is recovering, but of necessity slowly, and the effects of which must forbid his return to the bench for a considerable time. Indeed, it is probable he will accept the warning of an overworked brain thus given, and retire from active public service. He accepted the high post of Lord Justice of Appeal with much reluctance, and perhaps, from a consciousness that he was not in his wonted robust health. The best wishes for his speedy restoration to health will be offered by the whole profession.

WITH respect to the demolition of the Wellington Clock Tower at London-bridge, we learn that it has been purchased by a wealthy gentleman resident in the Isle of Wight, and that as the materials are taken down each separate portion is carefully numbered, with a view to the re-erection of the structure on the lawn in front of his residence near the Needles, where it is expected that it will form a prominent landmark, as well as a great ornament to the grounds. The cost of material, removal, and re-construction is estimated at 700 guineas.

ON Saturday evening the London Irish Rifle Volunteers were sworn in as special constables. The Marquis of Donegal, the commanding officer, who had been repeatedly applied to by members of the corps to adopt some such course, appointed a parade without arms at half past five p.m., on the quadrangle at Somerset House. Notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather about 500 of all ranks mustered and marched to St. Martin's School-rooms, where they were met by Mr. Flowers, of Bow-street, Mr. Stillwell, and other local magistrates and enrolled.

MR. JOSEPH GLASS, who died at Buxton on the 29th of last month, was the inventor of the chimney-sweeping machine now in use. Not until the production of this philanthropic invention were the advocates of the suffering climbing boys able to procure the passing of the bill for the suppression of a cruel practice. Mr. Glass, having perfected his machine, and proved its practicability, was examined before a committee of the House of Lords; the result being the Act of Parliament for the suppression of the climbing-boy system of sweeping chimneys. Mr. Glass received the silver medal and the prize of £200, but he never patented his useful invention. He was actively engaged for many years, first, in advocating the claims of the climbing boys, and afterwards in prosecuting the masters who attempted to evade the provisions of the Act.

WE learn that the authorities are taking advantage of the presence of Sir Henry Storks and General Balfour at the War Office, for the purpose of having a searching inquiry into the working of every branch of the establishment. Hitherto these inquiries were conducted by officials already burdened with the ordinary every-day work of their respective offices, and able to give their attention only hurriedly, and by fits and starts, to the investigation. Now the new comptroller and his assistant can give their undivided attention to the subject, and their work cannot fail to be attended by the best results. The department of audit has been placed under them in the first instance, and until each of the other branches has been investigated, reported upon, and re-organised, Sir Henry Storks will not be asked to discharge the ordinary duties of his new appointment. This will be a work of some time, and we need scarcely add that the reports circulated as to this or that branch of the service having its new organisation completed are very premature indeed. So, also, are the expectations formed that the authorities will have much patronage in their gift, and many substantial offices to confer on the officers of the army. The tendency of the new changes will be in the direction of simplicity, and, therefore, of economy; existing materials will be utilised for the purpose, and it is not likely that there will be any appointments available except for those now employed in the departments undergoing the process of re-construction.

MR. MACONOCHE writes to a contemporary, saying, "In your report of the proceedings in the Arches Court on Thursday I perceive you have given currency to the phrase used by the counsel for the plaintiff in 'Martin v. Macconochie' of 'Greedy clergy.' As this phrase is calculated to convey a very unjust impression in the minds of many who think an elaborate ritual in Divine service synonymous with luxury and effeminacy, will you allow me, as one very nearly related to the incumbent of St. Alban's, briefly to state the mode of life of the clergy of that church? There are six clergymen connected with St. Alban's. The usual hour for rising, even at this season is six a.m. From this hour till 11 or 12 p.m. the clergy are constantly engaged in the work of their calling. A portion of time (say from three to four hours) is occupied in the service; the remainder is given to visiting the sick and other works of charity. The mode of life is of the plainest and simplest kind. Wine, as an article of ordinary use, is unknown in the clergy-house; but at six p.m.—every evening in the year—there is a distribution of wine, brandy, beef-tea, &c., to those who are recommended as special objects of charity. This work is carried on in the midst of a district, the filth and misery of which cannot be conceived by those who live in the better parts of London. In this work the stipend of the incumbent is £150. None of the other clergy receive more than £100, and some of them labour without any stipend at all. I will not dispute the accuracy of Mr. Coleridge's phrase. But if these are 'greedy clergy,' what a noble class of men the workers must be!"

IN the Savage Club Papers Mr. Sala gives us some reminiscences of his early struggles, when, so far as his literary and artistic abilities were concerned, he "was that which is very coarsely, but very expressively, termed a 'duffer,' that is to say, an incapable, and his services were not worth a pound a week to any employer." Speaking from knowledge gained in that hard time and since, Mr. Sala says, "To be very poor is to be very miserable; and to be very miserable is, I hold, a very beneficial mental and bodily state for a man to be in. To have wanted bread and raiment and a bed now and then in the course of your career should tend—if you have a man's heart in you, and not a beast's—to make you, if you attain prosperity, tolerant and charitable, and passably humble and grateful. For all your fine horses and carriages, and money in the funds, you may be a beggar again some day. There is your incentive to humility. Spurn not that mendicant; set him not down sternly as an impostor; you were yourself quite innocent of imposture when you were needy and sought relief. There is your incentive to charity. Don't be angry with the poor devil who worries you with a begging letter. You were expecting a remittance when you wrote to Dives requesting the favour of that small loan. You did intend to repay him with grateful thanks. You had pawned your coat. You had not tasted food for two days when you waited, sick at heart, at the foot of his staircase for an answer, or was repulsed by his lacquies from his outward rooms. Now, how is a man to understand poverty, and to appreciate want, and to pity necessity—if he have not himself gone through the slow-grinding mill of utter penury?"

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

ON Wednesday morning, as Her Majesty's ship "Advice" was making her usual tour round Haulbowline and Spike Islands, she ran on the bank situated to the south of Spike Island. The tide was falling at the time, and she had to remain two hours before she could be floated. We believe she did not sustain any damage of consequence.

THE coroner for East Cumberland has held an inquest near Carlisle on the body of Thomas McKnight, a pensioner. It appeared that the deceased had been to Carlisle to obtain his month's pension, and on his return home to Dalston, finding the footpath dirty, he ventured upon the Maryport and Carlisle Railway. A goods train met him, and it being perfectly dark he was knocked down and killed on the spot. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

THE military were brought into Cork again on Saturday night to aid the police in protecting the banks and public buildings. The fellow who, in dread of an explosion, abandoned his coat in the street, containing two bottles of Greek fire, is known to the police through documents rescued from the pockets of the burning garment. The accident which defeated the design was extremely fortunate, the intentions and designs of the miscreants being now exposed.

ON Tuesday evening, Miss Elizabeth Stevens, daughter of Mr. Joseph Stevens, of Bristol, was burnt to death. The deceased was 33 years of age, and was subject to epileptic fits. In the evening her sisters left her in the house alone, the servant being out for a holiday. On going into the parlour it was found to be full of smoke, and when the fire was extinguished they discovered the deceased lying near the window. She was quite dead; the whole of her clothes were burnt, and nearly every part of her body was terrible scorched.

AT the meeting of the Bridgewater Board of Guardians, on Wednesday, a man named James Wright, who is a rigger of vessels, applied for relief, stating that he was suffering from disease which incapacitated him from work. The Mayor informed the Board that the applicant had actually married four wives, three of whom, to his certain knowledge, were still living, and they were all young, hale, hearty women, able to maintain the applicant. The Board at once decided to refuse any relief to Wright.

ON Friday an inquest was held on Leaman, an engineer in the Government factory at Keyham, who was killed by a blow from a hammer thrown by a fellow-workman named Perrin, to resent a practical joke. It was found that the coke tossed at Perrin was not thrown by way of "a lark," but to warn him and his mate that the overlooker was coming, they being working at a forge at which they had no right to be. The hammer was not aimed at deceased, or indeed at anybody in particular, and the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against Perrin.

THE verdict of "Wilful murder" against some person or persons unknown, returned last Thursday by the coroner's jury engaged in the investigation of the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Barnett Zisman, has been immediately followed by the offer on the part of the Government of a reward of £100 for such information as shall lead to the discovery and conviction of the murderer or murderers. A free pardon is also offered to any accomplice not being the actual murderer, who shall give such evidence. It is now two months since the murder was committed, and up to the present time no clue has been obtained to the identity of the murderer.

AT a meeting of the Farnham guardians on the resignation of the recently-elected master and matron was, owing to a combination of unpleasant circumstances, tendered and accepted, and the clerk was instructed to issue advertisements for the election of other officers. The present master and matron were selected from a list of nearly forty candidates, and received the appointment in October last upon the resignation of Mr. Sargent. At the above meeting it was announced that the Poor Law Board had authorised the payment by the guardians of the numerous expenses incurred by the late inquiry, and a cheque for £144 3s. 6d., the amount of fee for counsel on the part of the board, was signed by the chairman. The inquiry lasted thirteen days, and it is known that a considerable time will elapse before the decision of the Poor Law Board can be received by the guardians.

ON Thursday an adjourned inquest was held at Newbiggen-by-the-Sea, near Morpeth, relative to the death of Police-sergeant William Hall, on Dec. 21. The deceased was found on the beach, near to the village of Linmouth, by Robert Kean, a pitman, and Watson Tailor, a fisherman. He was frightfully disfigured. His cheek bones were jagged and broken, one of his eyes gouged out, and he was scarcely recognisable. He had been seen well in the performances of his duties the day before. It is supposed, as he had to stop a prize-fight, that he was assaulted and killed in the village or neighbourhood, and that his body had been thrown over the cliffs into the sea. The medical evidence showed that drowning might have caused death, and the sea birds mutilated the body. Deceased was not drunk late the previous night, and not likely to have an accident. His hat was in the village. Verdict, "Found dead, but that there was no evidence as to how it came about." Three of the jurymen dissented, being for a verdict of wilful murder.

ON Wednesday, at Knaresborough, the following charge was preferred against John Steel, of Burley. About six years since a fatal accident happened on the North-Eastern Railway, at Pannal, to William Burton, an engine-driver, owing to something having been placed on the line which threw off the engine. It appeared that some parties were in conversation with the accused at the public-house known as the Traveller's Rest, Burley, near Leeds, on the 29th of December last, when the accident was referred to, Steel saying, "If he had to tell all he knew about that he would have to be answerable for it, though he was twenty miles off at the time; that it was not done for him (Burton) more than anyone else; it was done in a drunken spree"; and further stated, "there was a coachman in it." The statements made by Steel were sworn to by Henry Atkinson, of Kirkstall, forgerman, and Joshua Burton, of Burley-hill, near Leeds, a cousin of the deceased. After their examinations were taken the prisoner was remanded for a week for further evidence to be procured.

THE particulars of a remarkably fatal accident happening at a coalpit near Coedygo, a remote district on the Welsh border of Shropshire, have just transpired. From the evidence given at the coroner's inquest on Thursday evening, it appears that a boy, deceased, Thomas Jones, was engaged with another man and a boy in working the machinery for pumping up water from an old coal-pit. The fire under the boiler being low, the deceased, who was foreman, left the engine-room for the purpose of making it up, and in the meanwhile the man and the boy, the former of whom had been at work for 36 hours, had fallen fast asleep. They were shortly afterwards suddenly awakened by the whistling of the engine, and the driver at once jumped up and ran to his post. Forgetting in the excitement of the moment that the barrel which drew up the water had been left at the top of the pit, instead of at the bottom, as usual, he turned on full steam, and in an instant the iron barrel, which weighed half-a-ton, was drawn up over the pulleys, and flying across the engine-house, fell upon the deceased as he stood near the donkey-engine, at a distance of 70 feet from the mouth of the pit. It was some time before the unfortunate man could be found, and he was then discovered lying dead on his back with the barrel resting upon him. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

## METROPOLITAN.

ON Friday afternoon the pedestrians passing through St. James's Park noticed an elderly gentleman staggering against the railings of Buckingham Palace, apparently in a dying state. He was immediately removed to Phine's public-house, where he expired in a few minutes. The body was then conveyed to Westminster Hospital, and he was identified as Mr. W. Star, of 27, Peel's-row, Brompton.

ON Saturday Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Robert Dawbin were packing a quarter of a million of salmon ova in the ship Celestial Queen, now lying in the St. Katherine Dock, for exportation to New Zealand. Mr. Dawbin accompanies the freight to its destination, and is appointed to superintend the culture of salmon in New Zealand. Government could not have selected a more competent person for the task.—The Celestial Queen sailed on Wednesday last.

SATURDAY being the first day of Hilary Term, the courts of law and equity resumed their sittings. The cases generally were motions and the like, possessing but little public interest. An ancient custom was mentioned in Vice-Chancellor Stuart's Court. The trustees of St. John's Hospital, Cirencester, moved that the second person named in a lease of lives should be produced, and his Honour made the order to produce to the Steward the person named at the door of the parish church, Cirencester.

ON Saturday a man was brought before the magistrate at Marlborough-street Police-court, charged with dressing and acting as one of the Corps of Commissionaires, without being enrolled in that body. The proceedings were taken under the 22d and 23d sections of the Metropolitan Traffic Regulations Act; and it was stated that although there was no desire to prevent men from earning a livelihood as messengers or shoeblacks, or to establish a monopoly by means of licences, the protection of the public required that such persons if not in the corps must not wear the uniform of those who are. The magistrate (as the proceedings were taken to establish the law and not to punish) inflicted a nominal fine and costs.

ON Saturday an inquest was held in Goswell-street, St. Luke's, on the body of James Hoare, aged 52 years. The deceased, a dock labourer, had long been out of work and in a starving condition, but he resolutely refused to go into the workhouse. On Wednesday he was found dead, and the surgeon who was called in said that the face was very gaunt and wan, and the body quite emaciated. The post-mortem examination showed that there was not a particle of fat in the system; the blood was thin and scanty, and the intestines were contracted from long-continued privations. There was active inflammation of the lungs from want and cold; the deceased's clothes were quite insufficient in such weather as that of the last few days. The cause of death was inflammation of the lungs. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased was found dead from inflammation of the lungs, consequent on want of food and other privations."

AN extraordinary death is reported as having taken place in Finsbury on Thursday night. A little boy named Strangeways was allowed to have another boy, named Loader, to play with him. They were left alone for three hours, and when Strangeways' mother returned she found her son dead from a fearful wound in the groin, a quantity of blood lying on the floor and the furniture. When Loader was asked about the matter he said they were alarmed by a noise as if thieves had broken into the house, and both took out their pocket knives to defend themselves. The deceased, he added, struck his knife against the wall in such a manner that the blade entered his stomach. Loader added that he lifted Strangeways on a chair and left him there.—At the inquest on the unfortunate boy the surgical evidence was to the effect that deceased died from a stab, which had transfixed the femoral artery, the largest in the body, and that the stab must almost certainly have been inflicted by himself, as described by his playmate James Loader. The mother of the deceased said he was fond of playing at robbers and soldiers, and both she and her husband were of opinion that the wound was accidentally given by himself.—The jury, under the advice of the Coroner, adopted this view of the matter, and returned a verdict of "Death by misadventure."

COLLECTING rent with a receipt in one hand and a revolver in the other is a mode of procedure one would have supposed confined to the Emerald Isle. But it seems that since the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Brown, the largest compounder in Camberwell, has had to adopt the plan in self defence; whilst another compounder—Mr. Grumman—a vestryman, has also had his life threatened repeatedly by troublesome tenants. Some of the new made voters—"our own flesh and blood" be it remembered—not only decline to pay rent, but won't turn out, even if paid for it.

LATE on Friday night a fire of a most alarming character broke out at Messrs. Giffard's, mustard mills, Drummond-road, Bermondsey. The building in which the fire originated consisted of three storeys about 50 by 30 feet, and the fire was first discovered by the neighbours on the basement. Telegrams were at once dispatched to the various fire-stations in the neighbourhood; several engines were quickly on the spot. The fire had, however, obtained so firm a hold upon the building, that it was found that the chance of saving any portion thereof was but very small. Consequently, every exertion was directed to the preservation of the adjoining houses, and in this particular the firemen were completely successful, the buildings around being injured only by water. The damages are very heavy.

ON Saturday night one of the most extraordinary proceedings which has taken place since the formation of the volunteer movement occurred to the Havock, or 48th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Cruikshank, in the summary dismissal of fourteen officers and the resignation of others. The circumstances which led to this proceeding are stated to be these:—For some time past there has been a large amount of dissatisfaction in all ranks of the 48th Middlesex. It was said that its commanding officer, from his great age was incompetent to the duties of that position, and that in consequence the corps wherever it went was the subject of ridicule. Deputations from the non-commissioned officers had awaited upon him to ask him to resign, and he had promised to do so if they would bear with him for a while. Similar applications were also made by the commissioned officers, but equally without result. The two majors, Pillow and Sanders, then resigned, and 14 out of the 19 remaining officers forwarde to the lord-lieutenant a memorial through the post, instead of through their commanding officer, calling attention to the case, and in the interest of the regiment asking for an investigation. The lord-lieutenant forwarded this memorial to the War Office, whereupon an order was at once issued to cashier every one of the 14 officers who had signed the document. On Saturday evening the colonel, G. Cruikshank, summoned an assembly of all the commissioned officers, in uniform, at the headquarters, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and then and there read the condemnation of the culprits in question. Captain Smith, although not one of the memorialists, at once gave notice of his resignation.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

ALL doubts as to the friendliness of the Chief of the Tigre towards the Abyssinian expedition are removed. The latest telegraphic advice from Annesley Bay states that the chief had offered to victual the force, and had actually sent two thousand bullocks for its use. A message from Colonel Meredith, dated Senafe, Dec. 28, has been received at the India Office. The gallant colonel reports favourably of the line of march thence for 30 miles, and the friendliness of the people. A battle was imminent between the Wagshum and King Theodoros. No further letters had been received from the captives. Sir R. Napier had arrived.



## PROVINCIAL.

It is stated by Captain Palin, Chief Constable of Manchester, that a sufficient sum had been collected to afford a comfortable provision for life for Mrs. Brett, the widow of the policeman murdered by the Fenians at Manchester.

Two young men named McKenna, telegraph clerks, and a third, named Meldon, a railway clerk, have been arrested in Belfast for complicity with the Fenian movement. Evidence was given that the two former had in their possession documents of a treasonable character, and the prisoners were remanded.

Mrs. WOODGATE, the wife of a Norwich policeman, residing in Waddington-street, Heligraaf, in that city, has been delivered of three female children. Each child was well and fully formed, but only lived twenty-four hours. An application has been made to Her Majesty the Queen for the bounty usually granted in such cases.

An old woman named Morley has just died at Claydon, Suffolk, at the astonishing age of 106 years, or thereabouts. She was baptised November 28, 1761, but her precise age at that date is lost in uncertainty. She was a widow for sixty years, and for many years she acted as midwife at the Barham Union. This wonderful old woman retained her faculties to the close of last year, and in the course of the summer she recited some scraps of poetry which she had learned when a girl of 12 or 13 years of age.

The steamer *Forfarshire*, which plies half-weekly between Dundee and Newport, left Dundee at half-past eight on Thursday night with fifty passengers. The tide was very low, and the steamer took the north-east passage. On leaving she struck on a low rock; a second time she struck on another rock, hundred yards distant; and a third time on the Gryces rocks, a little to the east of the tidal harbour entrance. The steamer leaked much; but she returned, and reached Craig harbour safely. The passengers were taken to life in small boats. Great excitement prevailed.

Three vessels were lost on Sunday off the Irish coast. The *Chicago*, a steamer belonging to the National Company, left New York for Liverpool on the 1st inst., and on Sunday was about two miles from Roche's Point, when she went ashore in a fog, and it is feared, will become a total wreck; the crew and passengers were, fortunately, saved. The *Oasis*, a Liverpool ship, which also went ashore and became a wreck, was not so fortunate, the captain and nine of the crew being drowned. The third ship lost was the *Ullswater*.

Dr. WARD, of Blyth, has just made the Tynemouth guardians sensible of the frightful mortality which has for some time past prevailed, and still continues, in the colliery districts of the union. During the last three months the annual rate of mortality in the union to the 1,000 persons living has been 319. The following have been the causes of death:—Measles, 19; scarlatina, 13; whooping cough, 8; fever, 15; diarrhoea, 27; disease of the lungs, 106; other causes, 334. Total deaths 647, against 844 births. Eighty-six deaths of children under ten years of age are reported, 75 of which were under five years. This is very unusual, and the guardians have formed themselves into district committees to confer with the sanitary authorities, and report to the board.

## THE NEW ACT FOR REGULATING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

In July of last year an Act was passed to regulate and restrict the hours of employment which may be exacted from children and women; and on the first day of this year the Act became law. Its provisions are comparatively little known, even to the people most concerned, and it is only now provoking a considerable amount of discussion, which certainly ought to have taken place before.

With regard to children, the enactments are chiefly that—no child may be employed in any manual labour in the way of trade under eight years of age; no child under eleven may be employed at night, nor for more than six and a half hours by day; no child under eleven may be employed, unless such child shall attend school at least three days a week, and produce to the employer a certificate of such attendance, and no child may be employed after 4.30 p.m. on Saturdays. Young persons from thirteen to eighteen years of age may not be employed at night, or for more than twelve hours, and they also must have the Saturday afternoon leisure. This time is to be extended, after Jan. 1, 1869, so that the half-holiday will begin at 2 p.m.

The limitation of the hours of work of children and young persons, and the restrictions as to the age at which children may be employed are undoubtedly beneficial. We shall no longer hear such terrible stories as those which, extracted from the Report of the Commissioners, no long time ago, shocked and startled us all. Children employed in manual labour will at least have the possibility of learning something which can be taught them in schools.

Doubtless the parents will complain that their rights over their children are interfered with; but there is no doubt that immense advantages will accrue to the children themselves.

The new Act does not, however, confine its regulations to children or young persons under eighteen. It further enacts that no woman (whatever her age) may be employed at night, or for more than twelve hours, or on the Saturday afternoon; and orders that certain penalties shall be incurred by those who transgress these regulations. The women thus interfered with are those employed in any "handicraft," that is to say—

In any manual labour exercised by way of trade, or for purposes of gain, in or incidental to the making any article or part of an article, or in or incidental to the altering, repairing, ornamenting, finishing, or otherwise adapting for sale any article in any place whatever, whether in the open air or under cover.

The exceptions to these stringent regulations are "in cases where not more than five persons are employed in the same establishment, and where such employment consists in making articles to be sold by retail on the premises, or in repairing articles of a like nature to those sold by retail on the premises."

How such regulations as these will work, is a matter to be shown by time. It is doubtless good that legislation should step in to prevent the overwork which is sometimes exacted from women, and to forbid the extreme length of hours to which needlewomen, dressmakers, and others are occasionally subjected.

But, the forbidding of women ever to work at night, or for more than twelve hours, may have results evidently entirely unforeseen. Some occupations, open to both men and women, but involving work at night, or for longer than the specified hours, may become entirely closed to women. The work has still to be done, the hours of doing it cannot be altered, and employers will find themselves forced to employ men to do that of which women are perfectly capable. To lessen in any degree the remunerative occupations open to women is to do something entirely harmful and not helpful to them. It is hard enough now for women who must work to obtain means of employment. If the enactments of the new law be rigidly enforced, it will be still harder.

The need of women to be protected against the oppression of their employers, is the evident motive of these new provisions. But, however necessary this may be in some cases, it is, to say the least, a low estimate which is formed of the sense and judgment of all women to class them with children in the regulations made in their behalf.

Working women, we feel sure, will feel it a hardship to have their efforts constantly interfered with, and to have all liberty in the management of their affairs, and all discretion of action taken from them. We think it probable that many modifications will have to be made in this law as it regards women, before it will be free from the imputation of bearing heavily and unjustly upon many who find life, even now, a hard enough struggle.—Queen.

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE funeral of the Emperor Maximilian is to take place on the 18th inst. (to-day) at Vienna.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL GRANT.—In consequence of the resolution of the Senate, General Grant has vacated the War Office, and Mr. Stanton has resumed possession.

AN official denial has been given to the announcement that the Austrian Government has sent a note to the Russian Cabinet asking for explanations as to the movement of troops on the Austrian frontiers.

THE lava is still flowing copiously from the crater of Mount Vesuvius. The stream of lava is from seven to eight inches high, and from fifty to sixty broad. Shocks and detonations are frequent, and it is not likely that the eruption will soon cease.

SOME French chemists have discovered a way of increasing the lighting power of gas sixty-fold—viz., by putting in the flame a small cylinder of magnesia. The value of the discovery, in regard to economy, will be understood when it is stated that it effects a saving of five-sixths of the present cost.

THE French Government has withdrawn the prosecutions against the papers for an indictment of the law by commenting on the proceedings in the Chambers. We attribute this step to the good sense of the Emperor, who, absolute as he is, knows when and how to yield to public opinion.

A curious medal will be sold at Paris in a few days. The lead of which it is composed was a portion of that used to rivet the chains of the prisoners of the Bastille. On one side is a somewhat confused representation of the taking of the Bastille, and the date, 14th July, 1789. On the obverse, the following inscription, "This lead sealed the chains which chained the victims of despotism, and recalls the period of liberty conquered in the year 1789."

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies resumed its sittings on Saturday. General Menabrea having announced the entry into the Ministry of three new members, made an appeal to the Chamber for concord and conciliation in order to enable the Government to effect a restoration of the public administration and to strengthen the principle of order and authority. He pointed out that the perils which threatened the country were not yet removed, that great financial danger was imminent, and that the reactionary party were planning impossible schemes for the division of Italy. He, therefore, called on all to rally round the flag of the monarchy, of duty, and of liberty.

THE large slate quarries of Grands-Carreaux, France, have just been entirely buried by an earthshock and three lives lost. The works on the previous evening were observed to be in a dangerous state, and the labourers were withdrawn. Eighteen hours later the overseer, named Choinet, and two men were engaged in fixing barriers to prevent anyone from approaching the entry, when the earth sunk in beneath them for an extent of two acres, and to a depth of 200 feet, and buried them in the ruins. Their bodies have not been recovered. The material loss is estimated at £5,000.

THE hospital ships sent from England to Abyssinia have on board each of them a good-sized ice-house, so that from 25 to 35 tons of ice can be received in these vessels, and a small number of ice-making machines have also been placed on board; but, do what we may, nothing can make the climate of the Red Sea otherwise than insufferable to an Englishman; and we hope that these steamers will on no account be used as stationary hospital ships in such a region. It will be seen that we do not apprehend great dangers to health; but for all that, the Abyssinian campaign will be a very difficult one with such a force as 50,000 men, and, as taxpayers and patriots, we shall be heartily glad to be out of it.

THE commander-in-chief of the Abyssinian expedition, Sir R. Napier, must have reached Annesley Bay about the close of the year. On December 29 he was expected hourly at Aden, the transports containing the second brigade of the army having already passed that port. This division comprised the 4th European Regiment, the 3rd and 25th Native Infantry, with Artillery. The other brigades, including the troops from Bengal, were expected to land in Abyssinia before the commander-in-chief. The whole army has been ordered up to Senafe, and we may presume that by this time an imposing British force, consisting of 10,000 or 12,000 fighting men, with 30,000 or 40,000 followers, with field artillery, and an immense train of baggage animals, with provisions and stores, is encamped on the plain of Senafe, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea and 50 miles from the port of embarkation, in that country of Tigre, which is claimed by Theodore as part of his empire.

AN old man named Couturier, 103 years of age, has just died at Roche-la-Moliere, France, from the effects of cold. He was well-to-do in the world, but so miserably that he denied himself common necessities, and when, upon being missed, his door was forced open, he was found extended on his bed with only an old goatskin for covering, and frozen to death. He leaves several sons, the eldest of whom is more than 80.—Several other deaths from the cold are reported. The rural postman of Fontenay-sur-Bois, named François, was found completely frozen in a field which he was in the habit of crossing. He had all his letters and money with him untouched. On the road from Suresnes to Nanterre a soldier belonging to the garrison at Mont Valerien was frozen to death. He had got drunk and laid down, and the cold killed him. A young man has also been discovered frozen to death in a third-class carriage at Choisy-le-Roy, the train going to Orleans. As he could not be identified the body was taken to the Morgue at Paris.

THE Civil Tribunal of the Seine on Friday gave judgment in the case of the coachman Schumacher and his wife against their daughter, the Marquise d'Orvault, demanding an alimentary pension. Evidence was adduced in the course of the pleadings to show that the defendants were not by any means in want, and that the daughter, however liable to remark for her general conduct, had always been irreproachable in her bearing towards her parents, and been generous to them on many occasions. The Court therefore decided that although the applicants were not at all destitute of means, still, as they were approaching a time of life when they could no longer work for a living; that as the daughter was in a position to afford them aid, and had given proof of affectionate sentiments by offering to allow them an annual pension of 1,000*fr.*; that such a sum appearing sufficient, the Marquise was ordered to pay for future to Schumacher and his wife 1,000*fr.* a year for life, the said sum to be reduced on the death of one of them to 700*fr.* a year. The Court, at the same time, blamed the applicants for the scandalous disclosures which they had so uselessly been the means of bringing before the world.

FALL OF A RAILWAY ARCH ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—On Tuesday evening one of the arches of that part of the Great Western Railway, near Padley's Wharf, Swansea, and spanning a jetty in the north dock, which had formerly been used as a graving dock, fell in with a tremendous crash, and the precipitation of such a mass of debris into the dock underneath caused an upheave of the water which created much commotion to the shipping lying near, one of the smaller craft being forced up nearly to the level of the quay. Two men who were working on the floor over the arch fell through, but the rising of the great body of water broke their fall, and they were taken out unhurt. It is almost miraculous that no one was injured, as the spot is one of much business, and numbers of people are passing and re-passing throughout the day. The shock was felt in the houses contiguous, as though an earthquake had occurred. The accident will cause some delay to the traffic in that part of the harbour, and the site is a most awkward one for carrying on the necessary repairs.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

STRAND.—"The Caliph of Bagdad" is an extravaganza written by Mr. William Brough for this theatre. Miss Ada Swanborough makes a very good Caliph. Mr. Thomas, as Mahmoud, was worthy of notice, and Mr. James's acting and singing deserved the praise they received. The piece is shorter than usual, and neither above or below the average in point of excellence. Mr. Fenton has painted some good scenery.

NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—This really magnificent theatre is well worth a pilgrimage from the West-end. The Christmas piece, "Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clements," is cleverly constructed out of slender materials. The Demon Bell Foundry is an ingenious opening; the Golden Stem Valley is a triumph of art; the transformation, A Grand Aquarium, is especially commendable, and we can give the highest praise to Mr. Douglass's management.

ASTLEY'S.—The title of the piece at this house, unabbreviated, is the elaborate one of "Harlequin Little Jack Horner, Goody Two Shoes, Oranges and Lemons, and Three Men in a Tub," and whatever of plot it has, being plentifully interspersed with old familiar nursery rhymes, it exactly suits to hit the fancy of children. For dramatic purposes the dialogue tells the story of the loves of Little Jack Horner and Goody Two Shoes, the obstacles which stood in the way to their union, and the means by which their happiness was accomplished at last. This mere thread of a story, however, serves as the groundwork for the display of as much humorous pantomime, and as beautiful scenery as any other could have done; and we may venture to say, that the pantomime at Astley's this merry Christmas time will hold its own against any of its rivals, alike for its splendour and appropriateness, for throughout we never lose sight of the season: the piece smacks of yule tide from beginning to end.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The reign of Pantomime has been established at this theatre for the holidays on a scale of unusual magnitude. A piece which strictly justifies this statement forms the principal entertainment. It is entitled, to give it its full length, "Red Riding Hood; or, Harlequin Prince Hopeful and Baa Baa Black Sheep and the Cruel Wolf," and is, of course, founded upon the well-known nursery tale, which the author has, however, only used just as much, or as little, as suited his whim or his convenience. It re-produces in complete details all the characteristics of a genuine pantomime—an introduction, a play, and a transformation, all or each of them presenting varied scenery, vigorous dancing, fantastic tricks, and extravagant animal figures. It is produced under the superintendence of Miss Marriott, and affords occasion for the display of nearly the whole strength of her company. It is, of course, at the same time, filled with the customary amount of erratic and even wholly incongruous and incredible adventures.

EAST LONDON.—The Christmas annual at this popular and commodious theatre is entitled "Harlequin Robin Hood and His Merry Men; or, the Loves of King Henry and Fayre Rosamond." The new scenery, including the gorgeous transformation, was designed and painted by Mr. Smytheys; the appointments are by Mr. Clifton; the dresses, designed from the period, were made expressly by Mrs. Flint and numerous assistants, and the grand machinery and effects are by Mr. Wakefield. We are introduced to the home of the Fairy Queen. Here a grand fairy ballet is prepared, which is interrupted by the sudden appearance of Flittermouse (Miss L. Raymond), an elfin fay, who tells them to prepare to meet their Queen (Miss M. Willis). We are taken to the prison in Woodstock. Soon afterwards the grand transformation scene takes place, displaying a tableau of much splendour, when Little Levite appears as Harlequin, Mademoiselle Nina as Columbine, Mr. Lewis as Pantaloon, and Mr. Giovannelli as Clown, and the usual pantomimic extravaganzas are at once commenced.

PROFESSOR RUBINI.—The prestidigitatorial field, after remaining uncoccupied for a considerable time, has been taken possession of by a young but very promising "wizard," known as Professor Rubini, and judging from the success which has already attended his efforts he will experience little difficulty in maintaining the position he has taken up. The entertainment consists of a series of sleight-of-hand feats of the usual description, all of which are performed in a most clean and masterly manner, not any of the mystic paraphernalia usually employed by conjurers being used. The performance concludes with an exceedingly clever illusion, invented by Rubini himself, entitled "La Femme Decapitée." This trick is so well performed as to give to it a painful and horrible appearance of reality. A woman enveloped in drapery is seated upon a chair, a mask placed over her head, which in that position, is severed from the lady with a knife and afterwards replaced. The completeness of this illusion must be seen to be understood, and, as a whole, Rubini's magical *seance* may rank amongst the most attractive of the holiday entertainments.

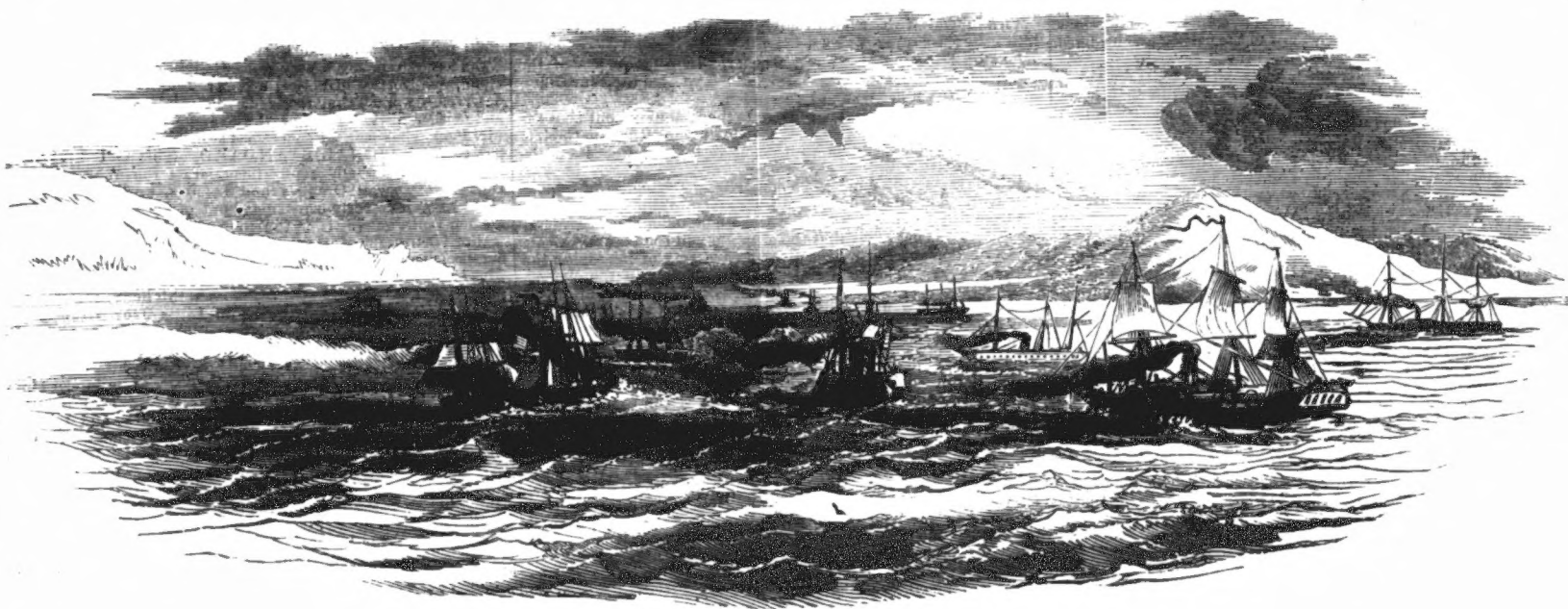
THE ALHAMBRA.—At this place of entertainment, the home of grand ballets and tremendous spectacular effects, of course something great will be expected as the Christmas novelty, and the management has certainly not fallen short of itself on this occasion in introducing to the public an entertainment peculiar to the Alhambra and unequalled by any other in this country. The ballet and the band are still the leading features of the performance, and the most ardent admirer of stage dancing and pantomime cannot gratify himself perhaps better than by visiting this establishment. The programme of each evening's performance is a long one; if, indeed, it has a fault it is too long, and would well bear curtailment by the banishment of the break-neck school of tumbling from it.

ALEXANDRA (Islington).—This elegant little theatre produced for the Christmas amusement of its "laughter loving" frequenters a pantomime founded on that old-fashioned and pretty legend of "Giselle." The title of the pantomime is "Little Giselle, the Dancing Belle; or, Harlequin the Demon Hunter, and the Fairies of the Will Lake." The author (Mr. Hazlewood, jun.), has succeeded in devising an unusual number of extraordinary opportunities for scenic display, and dramatic combinations.

BRITANNIA.—The manager of this theatre has made the most of the popular holidays, and given the inhabitants of the remote suburb of Hoxton an opportunity of extending to him their patronage either at a mid-day or at an evening performance. The chief attraction offered to the public consists of a grand pantomime, entitled "Don Quixote; or, Sancho Panza and his Wife Tereza," which is supplied with suitable scenery, costumes, and mechanical effects. In the plot of this extravaganza the general outlines of the work of Cervantes are adopted, but alterations have been made in them, and they are accompanied by many novelties, devised with the boundless licence appropriate to the genius of Pantomime.

TRAPEZE ACCIDENT.—At a miscellaneous concert at the Town-hall, Bristol, a great part of the programme had been gone through without any hitch. After Professor Gualnare had gone through his performance on the trapeze he was descending from it, when a rope which he used in his descent broke when he was about 25 feet from the ground, and the professor fell upon one of the forms beneath, which luckily was at the time uncoccupied. M. Gualnare's head struck the back of the form so heavily as to break a portion of the wood off, and his head was so severely cut, the blood flowing profusely. The utmost consternation, as might be expected, prevailed, but the excitement was somewhat allayed when the professor shortly afterwards appeared upon the stage and addressed the audience, offering to continue his performances. This he was not allowed to do. The wound in the head is a serious one; his back is also injured, and it will be some weeks before he will be able to leave his bed.





THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—ARRIVAL OF VESSELS AT ANNESLEY BAY.

## CASHMERE.

A WRITER in *Bentley's Miscellany*, knowing something about the resources of the valley of Cashmere, says:—

"The capabilities of the soil of Cashmere are almost unbounded in an agricultural point of view: nearly every sort of grain can be grown in it, and the crops, even under the miserable system of cultivation which now obtains, are surprisingly fine. Pasture land is plentiful and rich, fruit orchards are numerous and profitable, and the vine especially, festooning with its lithe arms the tall poplar trees in the neighbourhood of the capital and elsewhere, grows luxuriantly, and the grapes it produces are among the best and largest in the East. So fond are the Cashmerians of them that they have a proverb, literally, 'God is far from eating, but if He did eat it would be bread and grapes.' During Golab Singh's reign some very fair wine was made from them by a Scotchman, a distiller by trade, who remained in Srinugger some years, and who informed us that, in his opinion, wine equal to the best French claret might be obtained from them at a comparatively speaking moderate cost. The individual in question was deterred from settling in the valley, in order to carry out his plans, by the capricious conduct of the Maharajah to him and the absolute insecurity which existed for property. Were these conditions changed by the removal of the native Government, we believe that the valley would be found eminently suited for European colonisation—to an extent, at all events, to be looked for nowhere else in the East—and the numerous retired officers and others would be induced to settle permanently in it. Were this the case, the province would soon assume the appearance of one vast garden. Sufficient tea might be grown in it to supply all the markets of Central Asia and Russia; and the cinchona plant (which has been already tried) would no doubt be cultivated with success."

The capabilities thus stated we can readily believe, but the suggestions contained in the passage are atrocious. It cannot, however, be any cause of surprise that an irresponsible magazine-

writer should hint at the expediency of "removing the native Government" for the benefit of European settlers, when such a policy has been advocated with reference to other places by responsible officers of State. We are too familiar with language of this kind to be astonished by it. Many English mouths have been watering after Cashmere ever since it was sold to Golab Singh. "What a country it would be in English hands!"

Think, think what a mart they can make of Cashmere!

Sir Charles Napier, after the second Sikh war, was bitterly disappointed that he was not allowed to conquer Cashmere; and ever since that time there has been an unceasing greed after it; which, but for what are called the "new-fangled notions of the Canning school" might have ended in annexation. As to what is called the "caprice" which obstructs the progress of European enterprise in Cashmere, it is simply the instinct of self-preservation; and we have only to thank ourselves for it.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.**—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 250, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

## INCOMPETENT DIRECTORS.

MR. WATKIN's letter which appeared in the *Times* lately, and in which he declines to become a director of the Great Eastern Railway Company on account of the divided opinion of the proprietors, is another blow to this ill-fated company. But a few days ago the majority of the proprietors were rejoicing in the hopes of a more cheerful prospect for the undertaking in which they are all concerned. They had discovered and recognised the cause of former disasters in the incompetency of former boards of directors. They endeavoured to apply the proper remedy in removing the members of a board under which they had not prospered, and in putting in their places more hopeful men. It certainly seems strange that two men who have a great reputation for ability in railway concerns should be prevented from giving their aid in consequence of the behaviour of a small number of individuals connected with the company. Who those individuals are or what are their views we do not pretend to know, but it is impossible not to notice the significance of the fact that both Mr. Laing and Mr. Watkin, whom the great majority of the proprietors looked to for help in their distress, have given up. If a suspicion gets abroad now that there are some persons connected with the company whose interest it is not to have competent men among the director nobody will be surprised.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

**JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES** (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—AN ENCAMPMENT NEAR THE POINT OF DEBARCATION.



## INTEMPERANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows:—"I see that the Rev. Newman Hall has been speaking before the National Temperance League on that vexed subject, the comparative drunkenness of the English and Americans. An American bishop whom he mentions gives the palm of inebriety to the United States; while Mr. Hall, whose duties have led him among the lowest classes in London, is of the opposite opinion. Permit me to say a few words upon this subject, to which my attention was called while in the United States a short time ago by the pro-and-anti-Maine Law agitators. After careful inquiries in almost all the States of the Union, I arrived at the conclusion that there is more drunkenness in Great Britain than in America, but it must be remembered that most of this drunkenness in our country proceeds from a class which happily does not exist in the United States—a class existing on chance halfpence, and to whom drink is really the cheapest food, or rather substitute for food. The drunkenness of these poor creatures is hunger and despair in disguise. There are more temperance working men among the Americans, but also more drunkards; so the scales are evenly balanced, as far as I have been able to ascertain. But when we ascend to the upper classes in America, we find them woefully behind us in the matter of potations. The *juste milieu* of the English dinner party has, it is true, only been very lately attained. But in America it is to be met with only here and there; and society is divided into two factions, who revile and despise each other—those who drink too much and those who do not drink at all. Excess in the United States never takes the old English form of after-dinner boozing. The unhappy English traveller first becomes acquainted with it somewhat in this manner. He walks with his friend A. down Broadway. There A. meets B., who has not seen A. for several weeks, and who proposes a drink to commemorate their happy meeting. They go to a bar, and meet there three others whom B. also treats. They salloy out together and walk a little way. Then A. makes the offer of a drink. B. cannot refuse since A. has already been treated at his expense; and so by the time that each member of the party has wiped out his trifling obligation, the English traveller finds that he has drunk more than is good for him, and suffers the next morning from one of those diabolical headaches which Bourbon whiskey alone can produce. Then his friend A. invites him to dinner; he goes there, and finds nothing but water on the table, Mrs. A. being a disciple of Senator Wilson, and believing in the connection between sinfulness and sherry; for which a 'perpendicular drink' (on the sly) after dinner proves a very bad substitute."

## BLUE BLOOD FOR SALE.

MONSIEUR DE VERANCOUR was silent for some moments, and rubbed his forehead anxiously. "Is it possible, Félicie," he asked at last, "that you can be serious? Is it possible you can mean that you would marry Monsieur Richard?"

"Father," she answered, steadily and slowly, "I tell you again there is no sacrifice I will not make to our position. I make it to you, I make it to Vévette." The latter looked up suddenly with an air almost of terror. "It is my duty. We are not on earth to think of ourselves, but of others. One of my first duties is to think of Vévette. Her turn must come in a year or two." Vévette felt herself grow cold and shudder inwardly. "And how is she to be provided for?"

"You are indeed a perfect heroine," said the Vicomte, with conviction, and as though humbled at the superior virtue of his child.

"Luckily," resumed she, giving an upward glance of thanksgiving, "I have always had my duty held up before my eyes, and, after all, duty is a thing which a well-born woman does easily."

Poor Vévette felt more than ever what a wretched sinner she was. "The difficulty in all this," added Félicie, after a pause, "would be to bring poor Monsieur Richard to understand that he might ask for my hand." She watched her father with a very curious glance from under her eyelids whilst uttering these words. "It is a delicate and difficult negotiation. Perhaps the Abbé Leroy

Monsieur de Verancour waved his hand. "I think," interrupted he, "it would be quite possible to make Monsieur Richard understand; but, of course, I must reflect on all this. I must take time."

"Dear father!" exclaimed the girl, "of course you must do whatever you think fit. I shall always obey."

"Oh, Félicie!" cried Vévette, throwing her arms around her sister's neck, when the Vicomte had retired for the night. "Can you? Can you?"

"A well-born woman can always do what is her duty, my dear Vévette," answered Mademoiselle Félicie, indulging in just a very little self-gratulation.—*Saint Pauls.*



MR. MACCABE, MIMIC AND VENTRILOQUIST

## MR. FREDERICK MACCABE.

WE present our readers this week with a portrait of Mr. Maccabe, the famous mimic and ventriloquist, who has for so long held possession of the Egyptian Hall. It will be remembered that we gave an illustration some time ago which embraced the favourite representations of this gentleman. No apology, we opine, is necessary for delineating the features of the creator of those impersonations which have caused the name of Maccabe to become a household word amongst us.

## THE ROADWAY IN PARK-LANE.

ANOTHER hitch has arisen as to the completion of the roadway in Park-lane, and in spite of the most diligent inquiry we cannot ascertain with whom the responsibility of the delay rests. All that is certain is that for the last month there has not been a single man at work upon it, and that, too, at a time when thousands are starving for want of employment. We are assured in one quarter that the delay is caused by the vestry, in another, that it is caused by the Metropolitan Board of Works, in a third, that it is caused by the vacillation of Lord John Manners, who is supreme over the whole, and who cannot make up his mind how broad he wishes the footways bordering the new roadway to be. All that is certain is that Park-lane remains in a hideous and disgraceful condition, and that there is every probability that Lord John Manners will meet Parliament with the old hoardings up. If this be a fair specimen of the administrative talent of our public offices, we cannot wonder that the officials who fumble and blunder in this way in completing half a mile of roadway in the best quarter of London should have established the purgatory for mules and the hell for camels of which we hear so much in Annesley Bay.

THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116, Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

## MILITARY ORGANISATION.

THERE is a necessity of binding together our three elements of defence, regulars, militia, and volunteers, so that in time of need the separate parts of the machine could be easily adjusted, and the whole set in motion by one will. It might be wise to proceed tentatively at first; for instance, to divide the volunteers and militia roughly into brigades and divisions, and to connect them with the regulars who chanced to be quartered in the same military districts. Or the plan might be begun in London, which, from its compactness, offers striking facilities. The metropolitan corps of volunteers, militia, and the guards, horse and foot, together with a few batteries from Woolwich, would form a respectable *corps d'armée*. How far the organisation should be carried must be decided by circumstances. In many other places, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, a similar beginning could be made. Practice would test its working. Any plan for a separate organisation of the volunteers or the militia would be objectionable and deceptive. One serious obstacle to the adoption of any project for a judicious organisation of our military forces lies in the double government of the army. The regulars are all under the staff in Whitehall, the other troops are amenable to the War Office. There are two Richmonds in the field, and we shall not have effective military administration until there is but one. The responsible Minister would not be permitted to surrender the control of the non-regulars; and the irresponsible authority at the Horse Guards will cling to a privilege no longer in harmony with the time. No power but Parliament seems likely to overcome the obstruction. If General Lindsay is instructed to organise the militia, yeomanry, and volunteers as a separate force, he will take a step in the wrong direction; but it is just possible he may form a link between the two offices and bring about a certain unity of action. Still, the evil will not be remedied, and the defensive and offensive armament of the State will not be placed on a solid footing until there is but one Minister, truly responsible to Parliament for everything connected with the department of war.

## AMERICAN FINANCE.

WE acknowledge a feeling of uneasiness as to the question whether payment in coin should not be refused for the national obligations of the United States Bonds. The subject was mooted merely by the party chiefs, who pander to the baser instincts of the constituency in the hope of catching votes, it seemed impossible to believe that American statesmen could attempt to force upon foreign creditors paper promises to pay in satisfaction of Government bonds bearing an interest expressly made payable in coin. But the report presented by the Finance Committee of the Senate, drafted by Mr. Sherman, the chairman of the committee, and one of its ablest members, treats the question as doubtful, not excluding even a decision adverse to the bondholders. The state of the country is certainly such as greatly to reinforce the party interested in breaking down the public credit. The condition of the South is becoming daily more deplorable; and it is admitted by the most Conservative organs of opinion that there is no possibility of an early reduction of the army, which is now indispensable for protecting the two races from internecine war. In many parts of the South there is now, after nearly three years of peace, an absolute dearth of food. The military officers are alarmed at the aspect of affairs, and are warning the officials at Washington that large appropriations will be required to feed the people. The planters, who began the year with high hopes, have found themselves at its close utterly penniless, from the combined operation of the fall in the price of cotton and the weight of the Federal taxation on their produce, which exceeds two pounds sterling per bale. The returns have thus fallen short of the actual cost of production, and all—blacks and whites—seem involved in a common ruin. In the meantime self-government, hitherto the magic resource in America, the remedy for all diseases, the sure refuge from all perils, no longer exists. One-third of the great Republic is still condemned to a military government as the sole alternative for anarchy and a war of races. So far from an aid, it is an additional burden on the resources of the North; and the despondency created by this fact is used by the dishonest advocates of repudiation with skill and energy.—*Telegraph.*

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SASSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]



## THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.  
 DRURY LANE.—Honeydove's Troubles—Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum. Seven.  
 HAYMARKET.—Family Jars—A Wife Well Won—An Utter Per-  
 version of the Brigand. Seven.  
 ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.  
 OLYMPIC.—Petticoat Parliament—From Grave to Gay—If I Had  
 a Thousand a Year. Seven.  
 PRINCESS'S.—The Colleen Bawn—The Streets of London.  
 Seven.  
 LYCEUM.—Cabman No. 93.—Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.  
 Seven.  
 ASTLEY'S.—Harlequin and Little Jack Horner. Seven.  
 ST. JAMES'S.—Is He Jealous?—The Needful—The Young  
 Widow. Seven.  
 STRAND.—Old Salt—The Caliph of Bagdad—Our Domestic.  
 Seven.  
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Dearer Than Life—The Birth-  
 place of Podgers.  
 ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandista—Ching-  
 Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.  
 HOLBORN.—Flying Scud.—Valentine and Orson. Seven.  
 NEW ROYALTY.—Humbag—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed  
 Susan—Highly Improbable. Half-past Seven.  
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—How She Loves Him—  
 Box and Cox. Eight.  
 SURREY.—The Fair One with the Golden Locks—Jane Eyre.  
 Seven.  
 SADLER'S WELLS.—Little Red Riding Hood. Seven.  
 STANDARD.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's.  
 Seven.  
 MARYLEBONE.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep. Seven.  
 NEW EAST LONDON.—Robin Hood and His Merry Men.  
 Seven.  
 BRITANNIA.—Don Quixote—Who Did It? Quarter to Seven.  
 VICTORIA.—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne—The  
 Dawn at Day. Seven.  
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Eques-  
 trianiam. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. (Two and  
 Eight.  
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.  
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from  
 Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.  
 GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Ent-  
 ertainment. Eight.  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—London Ballad Concerts. Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Macabre's Entertainment, "Begone Dull  
 Care." Three and Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven  
 till Nine.  
 AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c.  
 Two and Half-past Seven.  
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.  
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## I.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Jus-  
 tice; Dock; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House,  
 Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses  
 of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds;  
 Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery;  
 National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South  
 Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; So-  
 ciety of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every  
 year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster  
 Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street,  
 Strand.)

SPORTSMAN.—As we informed you last week, we are unable to  
 comply with your request, though we are obliged to you for your  
 offer.

PETRUCHIO.—It is a matter of fact, and not one of conception.  
 H. A.—One has been inserted.

G. B.—We know of no means of restoring the colour when  
 once removed.

JACK.—Send stamps.

S. REDFERN.—We have to thank you for your offer, but beg to  
 refer you to our reply to "Sportsman," in No. 329 of our paper.

J. ETTLING.—The numbers you refer to are out of print.

PERO.—The department of our paper referred to by you is  
 filled up.

TENNRE.—We cannot return answers through the post.

MID.—The work was never completed.

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

## LOYALTY IN AUSTRALIA.

It has been well said that those who quit England  
 to seek their fortunes in a foreign land never forget  
 the mother country. However great may be their pros-  
 perity, and their fondness for the land of their adop-  
 tion, they have always a corner in their hearts devoted  
 to the scenes of their youth, and the home of their  
 aspirations. Anything connected with the "old  
 country" is pleasing to them, and when a visit is paid  
 them by a Prince of the blood Royal, their enthusiasm  
 knows no bounds. Those who projected for the young  
 Duke of Edinburgh a visit to the Australian colonies  
 ought to be well content with the success of that ex-  
 periment. The welcome accorded to the second son of  
 the Queen, in the most distant of her possessions, has  
 exceeded even what we had been prepared to expect  
 from the well-known loyalty of the colonists. Ever  
 since it became known to the people of our great  
 Southern dependency that they were actually to be  
 blessed with the sight of an English Prince, the senti-  
 ment of loyalty has been working itself into a ferment,  
 the warmth and intensity of which can scarcely be  
 realised by the more sober spirits of our colder north.  
 Familiar with Royalty at home, and accustomed to  
 Princes, we are hardly capable of doing justice to the  
 full ardour of the passion for loyalty which burns in  
 the bosom of our younger children. It is a passion

which glows with the fierce sun of an Australian  
 summer—which is as pure and keen as the Australian  
 air. That which to us is an everyday habit is to the  
 citizen of Adelaide or of Melbourne a lively faith and a  
 sanctified instinct. The distance from home only in-  
 tensifies by concentrating that feeling of country which  
 is at the root of the Australian's fervour for Princes.  
 He is the last man to be accused of a blind devotion to  
 the ensigns of authority, or a slavish regard for the  
 symbols of rank. He has nothing to ask from Kings or  
 Princes, nor can they do much, in his system, for his gain  
 or his honour. But just in the proportion as he is in-  
 dependent and self-sustained, does his loyalty burn with  
 a fiercer, because a purer, flame. It is a feeling which  
 represents to the colonists something more than devotion  
 to the Throne or respect for English institutions. It  
 includes all the sentiment of home, of affection for the  
 old country, of pride and joy in her greatness and her  
 prosperity. The voice which speaks to us through all  
 these noisy and delirious demonstrations draws all its  
 emphasis from its being the tone of kinship. It is  
 Australia reminding England of the natural bond be-  
 tween them. A correspondent writing from Melbourne  
 says:—"The arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke  
 of Edinburgh has thrown this city into a fever of re-  
 joicing, and left nobody time for anything but amuse-  
 ments. I hardly thought to have been able to write you  
 one sheet of paper. His Royal Highness entered Port  
 Phillip Heads a little before noon on Saturday, the  
 23rd day of November, and was escorted—I ought to  
 say, rather, followed—up the bay by a fleet of twenty-  
 five steamers, crowded with passengers. The weather  
 was lovely, with a light southerly breeze. The Galatea  
 steamed far ahead of the fleet. She went full thirteen  
 knots an hour. We had several steamers which could  
 have kept pace with her, but the faster boats were ob-  
 liged to wait for the laggards. The sight was very  
 pretty, both as we approached the Heads and as we  
 neared Hobson's Bay on our return, and there were one or  
 two fine races on going down. The order of coming up  
 was in double line for all except the Victoria, our little  
 sloop of war, which led the way, and two steamers which  
 carried the members of the Legislature and their friends.  
 After the Galatea had anchored, some complicated  
 manoeuvres were performed, which resulted in the ap-  
 proach of each vessel in turn, and lusty cheering from  
 the passengers to the Prince, who bowed his acknow-  
 ledgements. The harbour was alive with white-sailed  
 boats, and the shipping at the piers tricked out with  
 many-coloured bunting. In the evening bonfires were  
 lighted at the Red Bluff (a conspicuous headland be-  
 tween St. Kilda and Brighton), at Sandridge, and on  
 a hill in Prahran called Mount Erica; and there was a  
 grand display of fireworks on the St. Kilda Esplanade.  
 A glorious supper, enlivened with choice songs, and an  
 unlimited supply of choice Moselle, consoled me after  
 my share of the fatigues of the day. I had started from  
 home at seven in the morning, and did not get back  
 until nine at night, and I had gone through some very  
 hard fighting on railway platforms and elsewhere.  
 Hitherto the Prince has been lucky, for the air has been  
 calm and cool, and the sun not too hot. On Monday  
 the Prince made his triumphal entry into Melbourne.  
 The reception of the Prince was magnificent. Punc-  
 tually at noon he left his ship, landed at the Sandridge  
 Railway pier, and advanced towards Melbourne in the  
 Governor's carriage, picking up addresses as he went.  
 The Prince was preceded by a long column of men,  
 members of various queer-named societies, 'Foresters,'  
 'Oddfellows,' 'Druids,' and so on, and an escort of  
 volunteer cavalry. The appearance of the city and of  
 the people who thronged his line of march was very  
 imposing. On Tuesday the Prince held a levee at the  
 new Exhibition building, and at night the city was  
 illuminated. The levee must have been rather trying  
 work. It is no joke to have to bow 5,000 times. But  
 the illuminations were a grand success; they were  
 general—universal in the principal street, on a vast  
 scale, varied, and tasteful. Gas was plentiful, though  
 it was not alone relied upon. A transparency of some  
 kind was displayed on almost every house. Many  
 houses exhibited several pictures, and among them a  
 few were beautifully painted. Gas devices covered some  
 of the principal buildings, as the banks, Town Hall,  
 Treasury, Melbourne Club, and others. Urns of fire  
 blazed among the flags on the roof of more than one  
 bank. The poorer shops were in many instances de-  
 corated with flowers and coloured lanterns. Some folks  
 heightened the effect by metal reflectors. The electric  
 light was displayed at conspicuous points about the city.  
 The night was very dark and still, the wind dying quite  
 away about 10.30. The illumination was twenty times  
 better than anything I ever saw in London. Pyramids  
 of candles were the fashion with some, and in the  
 windows of one store there must have been at least 2,000  
 candles burning at once." The welcome to the Duke  
 of Edinburgh is but the spark thrown out to show the  
 strength of the electric current. So rare an opportunity  
 for the fervid and impetuous Australian genius had  
 never before been reached. The desolate barrenness of  
 Port Jackson has been transformed into a scene of life  
 and beauty, which only Naples can rival. The old Port  
 Phillip has become the site of a city exceeded in the  
 wealth and magnitude of her commerce by only some  
 half a dozen in the world. The sheep-walk has yielded  
 to broad streets and handsome palaces. The marvels  
 which have been wrought by the genius and enterprise  
 of the Anglo-Saxon in this portion of the world have  
 equalled, if not surpassed, whatever we have heard or  
 know of the rise of empires. This reception of the Duke  
 of Edinburgh is very touching to us at home, and  
 we should be proud of the loyal devotion of our kins-  
 men at the Antipodes.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

## AN ANTI-FENIAN DEMONSTRATION.

We deprecate the proposal for an anti-Fenian demonstration of  
 working men, lest it should pass by an easy transition into a form  
 of hostility to Irishmen. It is difficult even for detectives to know  
 a Fenian when they see him; how, then, are working men to  
 distinguish the intending murderer from the sympathiser, or the  
 sympathiser from him who is innocent of any evil design? Un-  
 fortunately, too, Irishmen have long tongues, and are apt to say  
 a great deal more than they mean. The fact is that the Irish popu-  
 lation generally is deeply suspected by the English, and the threats  
 of outrages in which English working men would be the chief  
 sufferers have irritated the latter extremely. If they are kept much  
 longer in continual apprehension by these rumours, we may ex-  
 pect a strong animosity to be engendered, which any new atrocity  
 would perhaps rouse into immediate action. As it is in some  
 districts one of the chief tasks of the police is to protect the Irish  
 workmen and labourers against their incensed neighbours. In  
 Staffordshire they are looked upon with a distrust deepening into  
 hostility; in South Wales it would take very little to raise the  
 native miners against them, and in London the most easy and  
 cosmopolitan of our town populations would never endure a repeti-  
 tion of the Clerkenwell exploit. For these reasons we de-  
 precate any course which would seem to place the English in  
 conflict with the Irish, and increase the jealousy which present  
 circumstances are rousing. No Englishman of any class needs to  
 give a pledge of his loyalty, for nobody suspects him; if he wish  
 to assist in keeping the peace, he can be sworn in as a special  
 constable. This is the most solemn as well as the most constitu-  
 tional and practical of demonstrations.—Times

## INTOLERANCE OF THE POPE.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has issued a decree, by the Pope's  
 command, against profane swearing and extravagance of costume.  
 In the latter respect the Holy Father is following in the footsteps  
 of the late M. Dupin, who, in his time, also lifted up his voice  
 against female luxury and love of dress. The French Cato, how-  
 ever, could indulge in nothing more terrible than invective. He  
 had no power to bind or to loosen. It was not for him to refuse  
 the consolations of religion to those who love to array themselves  
 in purple and fine linen and to fare sumptuously every day. That  
 privilege is reserved for him who holds the keys of Heaven, and  
 who, as the successor of St. Peter, "Prince of the Apostles," has  
 now prohibited the Holy Communion to women presented them-  
 selves with fashionable head-dresses. The practical result of this  
 commination will be the designing of a church-going costume,  
 parodying in silks and satins the simplicity of the Quaker garb.  
 Profane swearing is to be dealt with in a different manner. As  
 spiritual deprivations might possibly fail to affect such evil-minded  
 persons as resort to that silly and abominable practice, recourse is  
 had to the terrors of the civil and temporal powers. Government  
 servants convicted of taking in vain the name of the Deity, of the  
 Virgin Mary, of the Saints in Heaven, are to be summarily de-  
 prived of their employments and dismissed from the public service;  
 while offenders in the public streets are to be apprehended by the  
 police and haled before the magistrate. Roman maids and matrons,  
 alike of high and low degree, will be more seriously alarmed, as  
 well as disgusted, by this crusade against their little pet ejacu-  
 lations than by the tirade against their finery. Men in high of-  
 ficial positions are more likely to swear at the decree than to amend  
 their ways, while the police will have enough to do in taking them-  
 selves into custody without troubling themselves about other  
 delinquents. But has it come to this that within the very shadow  
 of St. Peter's Chair—within range of the odour of sanctity that  
 exhales from the Vicar of Christ upon earth, no better means  
 can be devised than the police-ell to inculcate reverence for the  
 third commandment? Under the lamp there is darkness, says an  
 Eastern proverb—the nearer the church the farther from heaven,  
 cynics and sceptics love to repeat. And both these sayings are  
 now exemplified by this absurd decree. Perhaps, now that the  
 Holy Father has a little leisure to think about the due observance  
 of the Decalogue, he may be disposed to go a little further and  
 hurl his thunders against all such as shall bow down to graven  
 images, and worship created things and beings. Or is the second  
 commandment less obligatory than the third?—Leader.

## DESTITUTION AND CHARITY.

We have before us a vast destitute multitude, with hardly a  
 chance of work, with no other homes to go to; many resident for  
 a few years, many only for a few months; many applying for  
 relief, many to be sought out; and, apparently, very little of the  
 ordinary social machinery by which such work is done in this  
 country—that is, the union and its staff; and there are a con-  
 siderable number of societies and committees, working each in its  
 own fashion and supposed sphere. It is too evident that, with  
 the best intentions and with the greatest exertion, neither the  
 poor-law authorities, nor the clergy, nor any of the committees,  
 can achieve more than a little work of its own. It cannot grasp  
 the whole work to be done. The poor-law system, especially in  
 compelling the public appearance of the applicants, is deterrent;  
 and, with a scanty staff of relieving officers, they have, perhaps, no  
 other alternative. But the voluntary relief committees seem hardly  
 to have any system, or to be under any check or audit. Some  
 distribute money by the hand, taking no account. None secure—  
 indeed, none can secure—that they shall not accumulate the relief  
 on those who obtrude themselves everywhere. There is not even  
 any security that the almoners themselves shall account for all they  
 have received. There are those who never kept accounts and  
 cannot, and who never know what they owe, or what they may  
 justly call their own; but they are not the persons to be entrusted  
 with the complicated and minute incomes and outgoings of a  
 charitable fund. Something like head work seems to be wanted  
 here. Charity requires as much common action and unity of design  
 as every other great work. Unless some comprehensive and per-  
 fectly impartial system of management can be substituted for a  
 number of isolated and irregular operations, the very name of  
 charity is likely to suffer reproach, and not less the sacred names  
 with which it is associated.—Times.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

When a peer stands up, as the present representative of the  
 blood of the Harrises did the other day at a farmers' club, to vin-  
 dicate the hereditary principle in legislation, it is difficult to avoid  
 asking what has been the practical result in his own case. It is  
 comparatively easy to put ability into the House of Lords, but how  
 to keep it there without those creations which infringe the heredi-  
 tary principle is the real problem which has to be solved. The  
 Marlboroughs and Malmesburys of the peerage represent a much  
 larger class than the Derbys and Grays; and the Marlboroughs  
 and Malmesburys are, in their turn, outnumbered by a class whose  
 political obscurity makes illustration of it impossible. Lord  
 Malmesbury, however, underrates the Lords in laying so much  
 stress on their inactivity. Right or wrong, they did more than  
 accept the Reform Bill. They materially altered it. Without  
 approving the change they made, one must own that they brought  
 it, by the adoption of the minority clause, into closer harmony  
 with the real feeling of a majority of the House of Commons, who  
 were Reformers on compulsion, and not of free will. This proves  
 that a place of modest but real usefulness is open to the peers in  
 the political life of England, if they will occupy it. Factious com-  
 binations in the House of Commons may sometimes lead it in its  
 votes to reverse its own real convictions, or to disregard the sense  
 of the people at large. A House of Peers which, to use Lord  
 Malmesbury's phrase, is silent and observant, may correct these



aberrations, and make legislation a truer expression than it otherwise would be of the mind of the Commons and the people. The usages of society, and the practice of diplomacy and of administration, are a training school for this delicacy of apprehension, which may even become an hereditary gift in certain classes and families, transmissible with a certainty which does not belong to the higher qualities of character and genius. Its exercise is, and will in future be, the chief political function of the House of Peers, to which they may add, if they choose and can, the exhibition of that charm of fine manners which has fascinated the rugged cynic of Chelsea, and, which may agreeably soften the rudeness of democratic energy.—*Daily News*.

#### A MORNING WITH MR. WARD BEECHER.

EVERY stranger who visits New York is held bound to perform at least two feats of sight-seeing or lion-hunting. His life becomes a burden to him under the importunities of eager friends until he has seen the Central Park in the first place, and heard the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in the second. Against the Central Park, said to be the only decently kept place in the United States, I set my face. A public park is a public park, and until there has been time for the newness to wear off I would as lief stroll in Broadway. With Mr. Beecher the case is different. So one's repugnance to sight-seeing yielded to an excusable or even laudable desire to hear the most popular preacher in America. Plymouth Church, where he preaches, is as plain a building as you will find in a day's journey; it has no decorations of any sort, unless you count a large and handsome organ a decoration. The congregation sit in pews painted white and varnished in red, while their instructor has a spacious platform, carpeted like a drawing-room. On his desk was placed a superb bouquet, such as would have delighted the heart of a ball-room belle or a British curate for his altar. All the arrangements for places, visitors, and so forth, were much above the average of show churches in convenience and absence of fussiness. The service began with the singing of a slightly modified version of the "Te Deum," then a very short prayer, then a bit of the Bible, a longer prayer, a hymn, and then the great event of the day—a sermon. Mr. Beecher prayed as most non-liturgical persons do pray in public; that is, he recited to the Deity with more or less success an elaborate list of His attributes, and concluded with one or two petitions for mankind at large, especially for teachers, for the poor, and for the young. Before the sermon he gave out a number of notices of services and meetings, among other things mentioning that his church would be shut that evening. He had engaged to preach elsewhere; he had tried after making the engagement to get some one to take his place in the pulpit of Plymouth Church; "but everybody was too modest to think of standing in my place; ah! modesty is a lovely quality." The last ejaculation was given somewhat after the manner of Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket Theatre, only a shade more refined. Anyhow, said Mr. Beecher he was not sure that they would be much the worse for missing a poor sermon; he thought there was a deal too much preaching; an evening spent in religious exercises at home would be an edifying change. With this crumb of comfort his flock had to console themselves. The discourse was of a kind with which we are all familiar in England. The first half, or perhaps the first third only, was theological, but even this portion was much more rational and philosophising than would be palatable to the congregation of any English popular preacher. Although Mr. Beecher is a Congregationalist or Independent of unchallenged orthodoxy, I believe, his discourse might, in the theological part of it, have been delivered by any fervent Deist. His subject was the *patience of the Creator*, who, he held, was no frozen, passionless being, but one, in spite of perfect wisdom and infinite power, full of sensibility and solicitude as to the success of His work and the welfare of His creatures. Mr. Beecher expounded the doctrine of the evolution and moral development of the human race from seeds and germs, just as English, German, or French non-theological philosophers are accustomed to do. He dwelt on the scantiness and brevity of recorded history compared with the prolonged ages through which no doubt the human race has had a history, with a fearlessness that would have been very shocking to the devout persons with whom all religion withers and all morality crumbles away unless you admit that Adam and Eve were created precisely 4,004 B.C. It is a pity that English divines are not equally sensible in their recognition of the independence of religion of the antiquity of man, of oyster heaps, and first knives. But Mr. Beecher would not be the man he is, nor draw two enormous congregations every Sunday of his life, if he only discoursed of patience or any other single attribute of Divine Being. So he hastened on to what he called the practical application of his text. As God was patient in His vast operations, so the Americans should be patient in their vast operation of forming a civilised and unified society from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf. There are, the preacher went on to say, two great bodies, to civilise whom will be the hard task of the native American. First, there are the hordes of immigrants who come over from Europe by hundreds of thousands every year. Emigration sweeps over us, he said, as the swelling Nile sweeps over the Delta of Egypt, and leaves behind, as the Nile does, "mud"; and this uncomplimentary word he repeated twice, in a very loud and emphatic manner. But just as the Nile mud, when properly treated, fertilizes the soil a hundredfold, so will this mud of emigration. Mind, however, that this mud is full of malaria, if you leave it alone; your only chance with the immigrants, "fresh from the despotism and superstitions of Europe," is to force their children into free schools, and themselves into free churches; if you don't educate them and insist on God-fearing, Sabbath-loving habits, they'll destroy you. He then remonstrated up to the hilly of complaining of these huge irruptions. "People have taken us at our word. We kept boasting of our resources and our land, and our freedom and our institutions. All nations are vain and boastful, only they do not know it. Even Englishmen complained to me of our boastful habits, though I had always fancied that our vanity was but as a little lettuce plant beside the broad-spreading oak of British vain-glory. Still we did boast and do boast, and people have taken us at our word." I do not suppose this was very consolatory to the New Yorkers, who never cease to complain that their execrably paved streets, their jobbery and corruption, their brawls in the municipal chamber, are all due to the racially Irish whom England is supposed to send over full of ignorance and violence, and barbarism. It is rather striking for the first time when one hears England and the rest of Europe spoken of very much as we speak of Africa or Hindoostan.—*American Letter*.

**SINGULAR ACCIDENT.**—The efficiency of the present system of communication between the driver and guard of a railway train is strikingly illustrated by what happened to the limited mail on the North Western Railway lately. Near Burton, in Lancashire, the passengers were astonished to find the carriages gradually slackening their pace and coming to a standstill. The engine, it turned out, had broken away from the train, and gone off by itself. The connection between the van and the engine had snapped without warning. The guard learned that the train had been left in the lurch only when it stopped, and when the locomotive was, of course, far ahead; and the engine-driver seems to have gone some distance in happy ignorance of his loss. There was a delay of an hour and ten minutes before the engine returned to resume the journey. One of the passengers, in a letter to a contemporary, asks whether human ingenuity has fallen so low that no better means of communication between guard and driver can be devised than a piece of string?

## LITERATURE.

### "The Science of Foxhunting and Management of the Kennel."

By Scrutator. Routledge and Sons.

THAT Scrutator, notwithstanding his ridicule of exploded fancies concerning the causes and treatment of hydrophobia, is not altogether beyond the influence of antiquated misconception, we may infer from his circumstantial account of an outbreak of hydrophobia in his own kennel. The hound in which the disease first appeared died on the third night from the commencement of his attack. On the third day after the animal's death two young hounds sickened of the disease. Just nine weeks after the first outbreak another young hound of the tainted kennel went mad. And just nine years after the outbreak a feeder of the kennel, who had been bitten by one of the rabid dogs, died of a rapid consumption, which the author is disposed to attribute to canine poison, as "those who attended him in his last moments, declared that he was attacked with convulsions and barked like a dog." Scrutator's account of this case and its treatment by a party of Weymouth blue-jackets is noteworthy:—

"I had, however, more serious cause of alarm on account of the feeder, who, in taking this hound to the hospital, had most rashly caught him by the neck, when the dog, naturally savage, turned round and bit him through his naked arm, since, in defiance of our orders, he would still go about his work as usual, with his arms bare up to the shoulders. The blood flowing freely from the wound, we had his arm immersed in warm water to encourage the bleeding, and when it ceased, made him suck the wound until quite clear of blood, and then applied some lunar caustic. The doctor was of course sent for immediately, who approved our treatment, and said he could do nothing more except cauterising or cutting out the bitten part, which he thought, after the caustic, would be of little use. To make assurance, however, doubly sure, the part was cauterised; but the unfortunate feeder felt very much alarmed about himself, though we did and said everything we could to prevent too great excitement, and we verily believed, from the course we had so promptly pursued, the virus would not have penetrated into his system. He was now in the hands of the surgeon, who gave him the medicines he considered right, and the next day his arm was in a frightful state of inflammation, when drawing practices were resorted to, until all the inflammatory symptoms had subsided. The ominous three days passed away—three weeks—three months—and yet no appearance of hydrophobia, and he began to think he was tolerably safe. But as some of his friends had been talking to him about sea-dipping, he said, 'I think, sir, I should now feel quite comfortable in my mind if I had a good washing in sea-water.'—'Certainly, George,' was our reply; 'you shall have that or anything else you fancy; but my candid opinion is, now, that you cannot go mad, as you call it, if you wished to do so.' Well, he had sea-dipping. We sent our first whipper-in down with him to Weymouth, to see all fair; but by the advice of the blue-jackets employed on the occasion—who had got certain crochets into their heads that a man in his case ought to be thoroughly saturated with the briny fluid—he was very nearly drowned outright by the operation, since they ducked him and ducked him, malgré his cries for mercy, until the vital spark had been very nearly drenched out of his body; and unless the whipper-in had taken him from them, he must assuredly have been killed in the curing. Sailors and seafaring men are proverbially superstitious, and his dippers insisted that, to effect a cure, he must be all but drowned—if not quite—before the desired change in his blood would take place. Poor fellow! he came home more than satisfied with his dose of salt water, which left him in a prostrate condition for some days. His mind, however, was set at rest; he dressed no longer an attack of hydrophobia, and went about his work as usual. For four years after, while in our service, he enjoyed his general good health, although at the return of spring we gave him alternative medicines, succeeded by a dose or two of calomel, and at the expiration of the period he was married, and left our service for his native village, where he worked as a farm-labourer for four years longer. Not liking his occupation, he returned again to his old place, but greatly altered in appearance, from severe labour and hard living, to which he had been unaccustomed, having, previous to becoming feeder, filled the situation of footman in our family. Although ever a most willing, active servant, he was not of a robust constitution, and not of very strong intellect. We noticed the change, and did all in our power to induce him once to feel more at home, for it had ever been our desire to attach those capable of attachment by every kindness to ourselves, and we had rarely failed in this respect. He was soon evidently in a rapid consumption, and died just nine years after being bitten by the hound; and those who attended him in his last moments declared that he was attacked with convulsions and died like a dog! If the fact were so, which we had no reason to disbelieve, it is a proof that the virus does remain in the system for a great length of time without showing itself; and there is another singular fact connected with hydrophobia, which came immediately under our observation—its breaking out in three days, six days, or nine days, and at the same period of weeks—the last hound we lost having been seized just nine weeks after its appearance in the kennel."

## THE GARDEN.

### HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

TREE FLOWERS, and indeed flowers generally, are certainly an ill-treated class of very showy plants. Old "stools" of these might therefore be taken up and divided if necessary, while the weather is favourable, and be re-planted in fresh soil. They will amply repay such cultural attention. Borders should also be prepared by means of trenching, manuring, and similar operations, for phloxes of the decussata section. It should always be borne in mind that these are very partial to a deep, rich, and moderately moist soil, with perfect drainage; and consequently that they thrive best in a moderately shaded situation—in a position, in fact, where the sun has not power sufficient to scorch the flowers when expanded, which it too frequently does in freely-exposed situations.

### HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

This will be found a good time in which to scrape apple, pear, and quince trees, &c., for the purpose of destroying any moss, lichens, and similar parasitical formations growing upon them. Some of the older bark, if loosened, might also be removed with advantage to the trees. If the operation is performed carefully, and so as not to injure the inner bark. This done, a good coating of a wash, formed of two parts of lime, one of cow-dung, and one of clay, intermixed, should be well rubbed into the bark.

### KITCHEN GARDEN.

It may be well during mild intervals to transplant into permanent quarters another batch of young cabbage plants from the seed-bed. Those planted now will shortly commence forming fresh rootlets, and be of material use in the later spring months, when the best of the more forward crop has been used up; or as an additional security should severe weather commit any injury. Those who have hitherto delayed sowing their earlier peas in the open borders, should in like manner take advantage of open weather to do so forthwith. Seakale, when forced upon the open border, should not have the crowns fully exposed after the crop has been cut, and the fermenting material used in its production has been removed. Place, therefore, some sort of protection over all such crowns forthwith. Partly decomposed leaves, and similar material will be all that is needed.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

ON New Year's Day the chapel at the Tuileries presented a magnificent coup d'œil during the performance of mass. The wide gallery, with seats above the chapel, was filled with officers in uniform, the gold braid and decorations standing well in relief, and looking very conspicuous and bright in the distance on their dark backgrounds. Here and there a lady in an elegant toilette might be seen among the uniforms; but the fair sex in the gallery were as rare on this occasion as flowers in a field of corn, so decidedly were they in the minority. Such, however, was not the case in chapel itself, for there the ladies, on the contrary, were in great force.

The Empress smiled a welcome to all who greeted her as she (as her custom is) crossed the large gallery to reach her tribune. Her Majesty wore a pale blue poult de soie dress, trimmed with cross-cut bands of blue satin piped with white satin; a point d'Alençon shawl, and an exquisite little fanchon bonnet made apparently of blue crêpe. The trimmings consisted of two rows of large pearls—one row in front, and one at the back of the bonnet.

Madame de la Poëze, who was close to the Empress, looked likewise excessively charming in a pearl grey faille dress, trimmed with gimp of the same colour; a white lace shawl, and a white Marie Antoinette bonnet ornamented with an aigrette; the strings were of white blonde.

Later in the day I remarked the following toilettes at the Tuileries:—

A Metternich-green satin dress, the skirt trimmed at the sides of the front breadth, with two long pockets turning outwards, and made of point à l'aiguille; each of these pockets terminated with a long green silk tassel; wide satin sash edged with point à l'aiguille, and with tassels at the ends; Marie Antoinette mantel-trimmed with a flounce of point à l'aiguille, and tied at the back. A bonnet entirely composed of point à l'aiguille, was tied under the back hair with narrow green satin ribbon, and in front with wider green strings. A coronal of green velvet leaves, with tiny gold berries intermingling, was worn over the forehead.

Skating has been the grand amusement in Paris during the last few days; the small ornamental pieces of water in the Bois de Boulogne have been covered with skaters of both sexes. The Empress likes the somewhat robust exercise, and one of the small lakes is reserved exclusively for the Court.

A few days ago the Empress's skating costume was composed of rich Bismarck silk, the upper skirt being trimmed with satin and fringe to match; a small black velvet paletot fitting the figure closely, a wide sash tied around it; and a small black velvet toque on the head.

English, American, and Russian ladies skate, as a rule, in a much better style than the Parisians; they appear to take to the rather vigorous exercise more naturally. The scene is most amusing to a spectator, as the toilettes are strangely incongruous; indeed, it may be regarded as a cosmopolitan show of fashions. I remarked one lady wearing Hungarian boots, a Polish redingote, a Spanish toque, and Wallachian ornaments. The Universal Exhibition, as is well known, gave the types of national costumes in a most masterly style, the Parisians evidently appreciated them so highly that they have adopted several items, appearing in them when least expected.

Generally the ladies belonging to the upper ten thousand who skate are attired in a very simple manner; they apparently enjoy the health-giving exercise and amusement without caring to render themselves in any way conspicuous. A blue or dark Bismarck cloth costume, trimmed either with sable or astrachan, is the one generally adopted. It is completed with a toque either of cloth to match the costume, or of black velvet, with a small sable head in the centre as an aigrette. The skirts cling to the figure, and the stockings are either scarlet or tarta. The boots are made of soft dead kid, without any shine or polish on them.

Some few lady skaters affect great smartness and daintiness about their boots. For example, I remarked one lady in a suit of violet velvet, wearing violet velvet boots bordered with ermine. Another (and a very beautiful woman she was) wore a black velvet costume, embroidered thickly over with scarlet bees; a wide scarlet sash was tied over her black velvet polonaise, and her boots were of scarlet morocco. Of course this singular costume attracted great attention, and, as no one knew the lady's name, she was talked about as the "fair unknown."

Some élégantes, who either cannot or dare not skate, are rolled upon the ice, seated in small sledges; but they remain so closely veiled that it is difficult to recognise them. Yesterday, however, I remarked the Marquise de Gallifet wearing a striped black and orange plush skirt, with a redingote buttoned down the side; a bonnet made entirely of black feathers, and with a Louis XVI. jet coronet inside.

Balls and evening parties have now commenced in earnest, and dancing will be kept up every evening, in one or other of the fashionable salons, until Lent commences. A ball is announced at the Tuileries on Wednesday, and another at the Hotel de Ville for Saturday.

Evening toilettes have this year quite a novel character, with the paniers below the waist, and the berthes crossing in front like a Marie Antoinette fichu. Exceedingly pretty berthes are made in this style of white tulle, bordered with two rouleaux of white satin and a row of blonde slightly full on; tiny satin bows are dotted here and there about the rouleaux. The same style can be repeated for less dressy occasions, with Brussels net and narrow velvet ribbon.

It is again rumoured that young unmarried women will wear short skirts, or skirts arranged à la Watteau, for dancing. They were tried last season, but as only a few adopted them, they were not persevered in. Time will reveal whether dancers are still to incommode themselves with trains, or whether the more sensible fashion of short skirts will carry the day. As yet I have only seen very long dresses indeed, at every large ball I have attended since the commencement of this season.

I will now proceed to describe two stylish ball toilettes made last week by Mme. Vignon, the Empress's dressmaker.

The first was white satin. At the back a tunic, cut with a train, formed a manteau de cour, of white tulle embroidered with gold. In the front there were three wide tabs of green satin, the centre one considerably longer than the other two; a trollee work formed of gold cord separated the tabs, which were trimmed with gold gimp, and terminated in a point with gold tassels. The tulle bodice was studded with gold, and trimmed with green satin revers, fringed with gold.

The other toilette was composed of white poult de soie and tulle. There were three bouillonnés round the skirt, and at the left side they were carried as far as the knee; a large agrafe of roses and a branch of lilac was arranged where the bouillonnés terminated. A Grecian bodice, with a tuft of roses at the left side; a wide sash bouillonnée all round, and a bouquet of roses in a nest of blonde completed the bow of the sash.

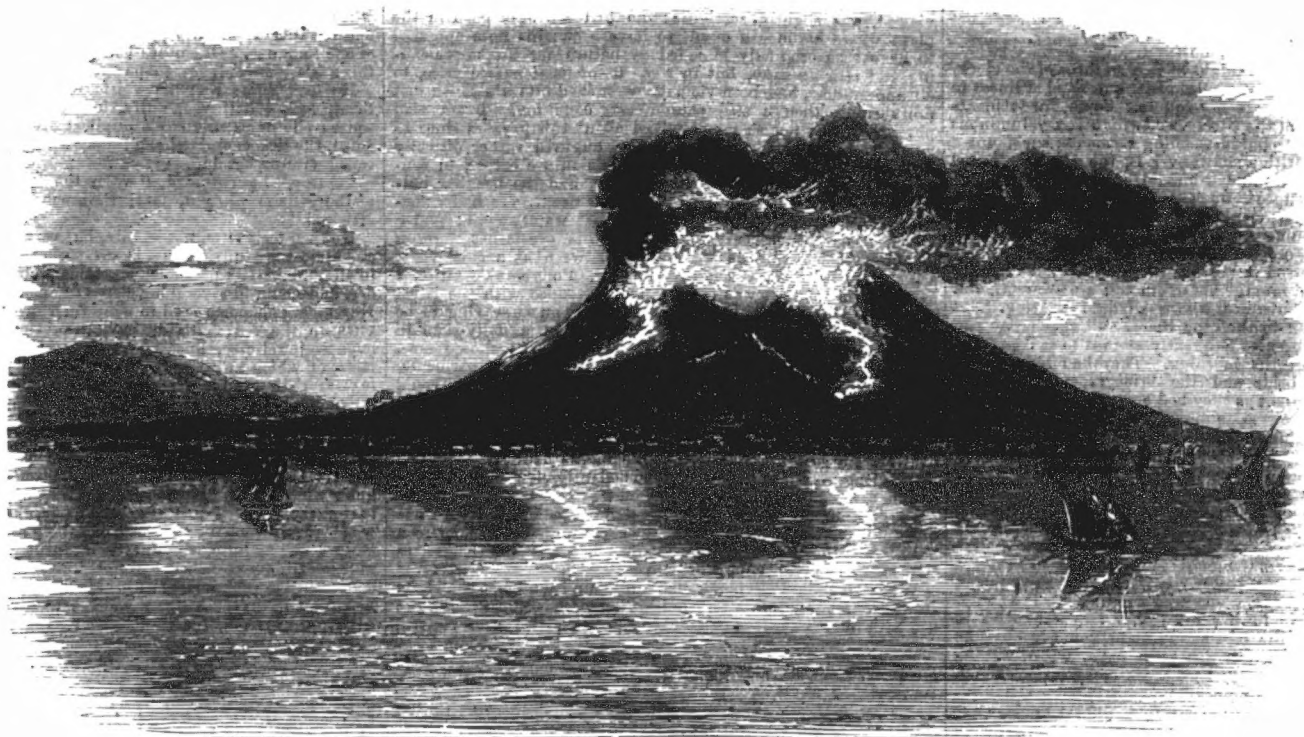
As for the head-dresses, it is scarcely possible to give an adequate description; delicate light ornaments and ribbons, rather than flowers, are popular. Fashion favours all that is irregular in the arrangement of the hair; ladies purchase small sprays of flowers, and these are placed at the top, at the back, at the side of the head, according to individual taste, always remembering that both curls and flowers are worn at one side only. Gold powder and golden dyes are in greater request than ever. The rage for blondes continues unabated in Paris.—*Queen*.





THE MONSIEUR SNOW BALL.





VIEW OF MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE BAY OF NAPLES.

## THE "NEW YORK HERALD" AND THE NEGRO.

We have seldom seen "agony piled up higher," than in the case of a telegram published in the *New York Herald*, the paper that some six weeks since published a telegram announcing an impending outbreak at Christmas in Jamaica. This last sensationalism of the *New York Herald* announces that a General Leon Montes has been murdered in prison at Cape Haytien; and its sender, regardless of expense, telegraphs the following details to the editor. General Leon was first starved for four days—just as Christians treat a bacon pig before they kill it; then he was poisoned; "smothered to the extent to which available strength could smother him"; finally, his head was split open repeatedly with a chisel. And then his brother was chained to the bloody couch on which the starved, poisoned, smothered, and chiselled corpse lay. "What lesson does this teach us?" exclaims the *New York Herald*. "That this is a sample of negro civilisation; that this is the way the negro conducts himself when admitted to the privileges of freedom; that this is the sort of treatment our Southern fellow-countrymen may expect from negro supremacy in the South." We suspect the telegram in question must have been concocted for the *New York Herald* by the same hand which, during the Jamaica outbreak, used to treat us to tales of negro cannibalism and of the abduction of white ladies to negro seraglios in the Blue Mountains.

A BENEVOLENT but eccentric old gentleman of Walworth went out on Thursday night and gave away over 400 pennies to the boys and girls in the back streets of that locality.

## A HIGH PRICE FOR AN OX'S HEAD.

ARTHUR YOUNG has described Robert Bakewell, of Dishley, the celebrated breeder who did so much to bring the short horns to perfection, sitting in the large kitchen of his farm, from the rafters of which hung dried joints of some of his finest animals as illustrations of their size and form. Mr. M'Combie, of Tillyfour, seems to have a similar fancy for preserving the heads of his prize beasts as trophies of his skill as a breeder, and has just had great difficulty in procuring this relic of the noble polled ox which he exhibited at the last Smithfield Club Show. It was part of the agreement with the butcher to whom the animal was sold that the head should be returned to the breeder, but, by some oversight, nothing was said about the right of the former to charge for this concession. Mr. M'Combie was accordingly much astonished when the butcher refused to deliver the head for less than £1,000, but had to compromise the matter by paying more than is often given for the whole of a fine bullock. The ox in question weighed when alive 2,588 lb., and its dead weight of meat was 1,963 lb.

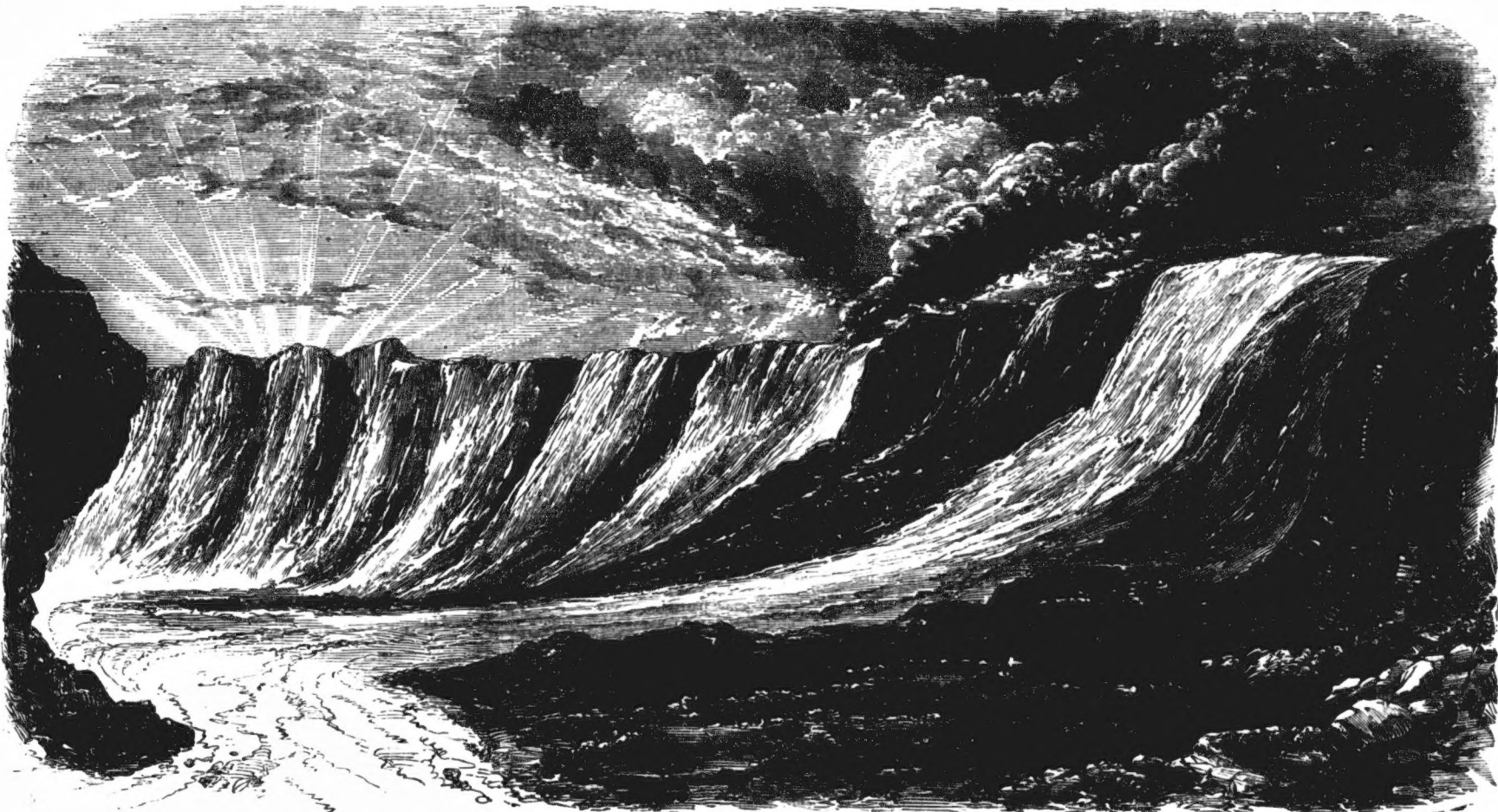
POLICE-RIDDEN PARIS.—For a city not actually under martial law, Paris is certainly subject to very sharp military discipline. One night a man at the theatre hisses an actress who offends his sense of decency and taste, and an armed force of gendarmes at once appears to carry him off. Another day half a dozen lads get up a slide in a public thoroughfare, before one of the barracks, and the soldiers are called out to put a stop to this alarming demonstration.

## IMPROVEMENTS AT ETON.

THE heading of the subjoined paragraph, "Improvements at Eton," which appeared in the *Times*, caused us to jump to the conclusion that the light of reform had at last broken in upon the Provost and fellows of that institution. But on perusing it we were disappointed:—

"Great alterations and improvements are being effected at the Cuckoo Weir bathing place of the Etonians, near Long-bridge and Upper Hope. The ground next the shore is being lowered to a level with that on the other side of the stream, and with the earth thus obtained an embankment is being thrown up, which will screen the bathers from the gaze of the passers-by on the footpath; and in the neighbouring lanes piles and planking will be placed along the water's edge to prevent the action of the current on the land in flood time. The college watermen have been employed in executing this work."

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan*.—[ADVT.]



THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—SHOWING THE DIRECTION OF THE LAVA TOWARDS THE VILLAGE OF TORRE DEL GRECO.



## The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER III.—(CONCLUDED.) THE NIGHT COMETH.

Now, from this time, which might have been three of the clock, to seven in the evening, there reigned great quiet and stillness in the house of Falcon, in Grosvenor-square. Some few incidents diversified the monotony of the November twilight. A voluminous mass of faded and slightly mouldy-smelling garments, surmounted by a portentous bonnet with a shawl over it, the whole ballasted on either side by a basket and a bundle, arrived early. The voluminous mass announced itself (by a printed card—not engraved) to be Lint, nurse, &c., Bulgin's-mews, Berkeley-square, and also (by voice issuing from between a hooked nose and a hooked chin) to come by orders of Mr. Fleem, and to be extremely anxious to see "the blessed creature" as was a sufferin' directly. Lint, nurse, was ushered into the bed-room you are aware of, and there saw that unblest creature, who was indeed suffering. Not long after this, came back to the door the travelling chariot and four grays, which have been so frequently alluded to as connected with the proceedings of the morning. They had not long to wait this time. The bride and the bridegroom came down speedily, not quite so radiant as they had been four hours before, but still keeping up their state proudly. Doors opened and clanged to again; and bride and bridegroom were gone up in their honeymoon, and were launched upon the illimitable sea of human chances. Last there came, toward five o'clock, Lord Baddington's own body-servant, with a letter for Mr. Falcon. He waited an answer, and receiving it ultimately from the hands of John-Peter, exchanged a wink of mysterious import with that servant, and so departed.

Mrs. Falcon's maid was summoned soon after this to bring a jug of hot water to her mistress's room, and the rumour ran through the basement floor that she was bathing her eyes, after much weeping. She was in her room; her two daughters in theirs; but the master of the house rang no bell, and troubled no one, and was not heard of till it was quite dark, when, coming downstairs, and looking far more like a ghost than a human being, he bade John-Peter fetch him a hackney-coach.

The footman, who had had little more to do during the last five hours than stare and be astonished, was bewildered at so plebeian a vehicle being ordered, when his master had two carriages in the adjacent mews. Whatever was the good of two spacious coach-houses and ample stabling, when respectable people in Grosvenor-square took to such democratic, radical, hackney-coach ways? He went on his errand though, being, for all his six feet and his calves, desperately frightened, and as he went along, determined to give warning at the first convenient opportunity, and leave this fashionable Bedlam to its own devices.

Gervase Falcon remained waiting in his lamp-lit hall, till the hackney-coach came rumbling up to the door. At this moment Mrs. Falcon's own maid Flitters came downstairs, and with great fear and trembling, and hesitating, stammering, and apron-corner twitching, conveyed to him a message from her mistress, respectfully asking when Mr. Falcon might be expected home.

"Tell Mrs. Falcon to mind her own —" the master of the house began; "no," he continued more mildly; "tell her I am going on a journey."

A journey! but he had his gala dress on beneath his cloak. A journey! but he ordered neither carpet-bag nor portmanteau to be packed. A journey! he had bid none farewell—left no instructions behind him.

A journey whither?—Whither, who should say? The morning was past, and the night was come. The night—black, secret, and impenetrable—when treasure is buried, and men slain, and murdered corpses flung into pools. The night was come, full of mystery and silence. Who but the Omniscient could disclose its secrets fully?

### CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

JOHN POLLYBLANK, temporarily of the Borough of Southwark, Reigate, by courtesy called Captain Pollyblank, but commonly, and among his friends and acquaintances, known as Jack Pollyblank, condescended, about at nine of the clock on the very same evening on which this voracious history opens, to enter the tap-parlour or coffee-room (there was but one room for the "sitting-down" customers, so either name will serve) of the "Blue Pump" tavern in Gravel-lane, hard by Hatters' Hall, Southwark, and there to order of Dick, the unclean but indefatigable waiter, a pint of London porter.

"In the which," Mr. Pollyblank, who affected precision in his diction; "in the which, Richard, you may, the weather being chilly (having previously warmed it on the hob, mind, not in that tin foolscap of yours) place a dash of ginger and twopenny-worth of the right sort," meaning Old Tom.

Perfectly definite as was the nature of Mr. Pollyblank's instructions, they did not appear entirely lucid to Dick the waiter, who stood scratching his head, and grinning doubtfully, till the expectant guest threw out a mild suggestion that "Sharp was the word!"

But sharp, though an excellent word, did not appear to be the word in this instance,—the key to the enigma or the beer-piston of the "Blue Pump."

"Is it trust or pay, Cap'en?" Dick asked hesitatingly. "Fellow," the gentleman addressed as "Cap'en" indignantly retorted; when, appearing to recollect himself, he added, "why Dick, it must stand over—only till to-morrow, Dick!"

This explanation did not seem by any means satisfactory to the attendant on the "Blue Pump's" parlour customers, who, with a very ill-boding shake of the head, and a muttered remark that he "must ask mas'r," left the room, slamming the door viciously behind him.

"A bad waiter that!" was Captain Pollyblank's observation on the disappearance of Richard; "a sulky dog! perhaps the worst waiter in the most particularly infamous tavern hereabouts. Their beer, too, is villainous; and as to the gin, it reminds me that there was once a fox who was passionately fond of the ruby-tinted fruit that cluster 'midst the trailing vines. Heigho! heigho!"

Whereupon the captain fell into a fit of head-shaking, boding much more evil, either for his chances of obtaining the refreshment he had ordered, or for himself, or for society and the world generally. He then proceeded to seat himself on the edge of the one Pembroke table, and to disencumber his neck of a red worsted shawl so long and so attenuated, that he looked, under the circumstances, like a human cocoon, who had enjoyed a surfeit of mulberry leaves, and was unwinding himself to be able to breathe freely.

When thoroughly unwound, and when his face and figure were visible, it must be admitted that Captain Pollyblank's personal appearance was little, if at all, improved by the operation he had just undergone. To be truthful, too, it must be confessed that he did not look in the least like a captain. There are, I know, captains and captains. One may be a captain-general and Grandee of Spain, or a captain in the Life Guards Blue, a captain in a marching regiment, of a line-of-battle ship, of the main-top of a penny steamboat, of a coal-pit, or of a gang of banditti. There is even the most dubious captain of all—the "Copper Captain," the Pistol of private life. Well, even he has certain generic and typical traits: a braided surtout, lacquered spurs, bushy moustache, a half-military, half-jail-bird swagger, tight-strapped trousers, hat on one side, cane

with a tassel, some semi-martial characteristic of costume or demeanour. But Captain Pollyblank had none of these. He was a very fat, white-faced young man, with a vast quantity of coarse black hair on his head, combed several ways, and rebelling in each separate hair against its neighbour; but neither whiskers nor moustaches, nor chin-turf. His face, cutaneously viewed, was slightly scorbatic; he had an ugly gash in the place where his mouth ought to have been; his nose appeared to have been originally intended by nature for an unpretending and retiring snub, but in some fit of passionate caprice, to all appearances, had been violently wrenched into a swollen and protuberant, though still snubiform, condition. I am glad phrenology was not so much talked about thirty years since as now; else Mr. Donovan would have augured rather dimly for the chances of Captain Pollyblank's future career, in consideration of the lowness of his forehead, and the peculiar bulginess and bumpiness of the back of his neck. He had somewhat elevated cheek-bones, and somewhat watery eyes; and—which was rather ghastly to look at—his eye-lashes were, if not altogether absent, as few and far between as angels' visits are said to be. With reference to Mr. Pollyblank's attire, I can only say that it was strictly in accordance with the latest engravings of the fashion, allowing such an engraving to be torn, soiled, and fly-blown, and hung-up in a dolly-shop in Petticoat-lane, instead of an aristocratic tailor's show-rooms. As to the colour and general state of the captain's garments, both might decidedly have been better, though neither could by any possibility have been worse. So desperate altogether was the condition of the captain's costume that his only safeguard against being "smuggled" for a Guy, or carried off bodily for a scarecrow, seemed to be in his neck-shawl, which was so long, so red, and so loudly and defiantly vivid in its redness, that it dazzled the eyes, and carried off general attention from the woeful case of the rest of the Pollyblankian entity, and led some unthinking ones to surmise that the captain was next door to a bean, when the philosophically-inclined had satisfied themselves that he was in reality next door to a beggar.

When Captain Pollyblank had quite unwound his shawl, he stuffed it violently into a very limp-brimmed hat, and stirring the fire with the thick ash-stick he carried, soliloquised meanwhile.



CAPTAIN POLLYBLANK'S MIDDLE-AGED FRIEND PURCHASES THE SERPENT BRACELET.

"Coals cost nothing when you don't pay for them," was his philosophical observation. "Though stony-hearted landlords may refuse beer, and take away pokers, ash seasoned in the fire will stir! so let us poke, warm, and be merry, even if to-morrow we starve."

He desisted from knocking the coals about for a moment, and inclined his ear as if to listen for the advent of the waiter with the beer and of extras. But it was a false alarm; and, sighing, he began to move again.

"That beast, licensed to victim and insult gentlemen," he said, "no doubt egged on by yonder fiend in pot-boy shape, will, of course, pleading some ridiculous three-and-ninety pence scored against me on the slate, refuse further credit. Of course, Jack Pollyblank being penniless, none of the boys—Tinctop, Skapple, Pussel—none of the convivial St. Lazarus's brethren, will be here to meet him. Just so. Of course."

There was no gas in the room; none in the house, I believe, then. But the fire burned with a deep red glow, and the room would have been comfortable enough with a pipe, or a tankard or so.

"Upon my word, Jack Pollyblank," the captain exclaimed, finding out probance an image of himself in the face-teeming fire, and moodily punching it with his stick; "upon my word, you're in for it!"

"This, then, is the result," he resumed, "of the large sums spent by your parents on your medical education, and of the immense amount of clinical knowledge you never acquired. For this have you seen life, spent your patrimony, and helped to spend that of several devoted friends; to say nothing of the encouragement you have given to commerce by obtaining goods from roving traders on pretences more or less false. For this have you been to India's spicy climes once; nay, thrice; surgeon's-mate in an Indian. For this have you learned to play every game on the board; to be unequalled at skittles; to have no peer at the charming relaxation of bagatelle. For this, to be refused trust for threepence in the pot-room of an alehouse."

He said "threepence," as if in defiance to the education of which he was vaunting himself; and then began to walk up and down, with his hands in his pockets, to the imminent peril of the seams of those garments themselves. It is to be observed, too, that among the idiosyncrasies of Mr. or Captain Pollyblank was that of almost always talking, even to himself, in a strain of stilted cynicism and semi-humorous bombast. I daresay Ancient Pistol did the same; for you see there are some men who, for all

their villainy, are afraid of looking themselves in the face, and daren't confess in plain language to their own conscience what accords they are.

"Of friends," he went on, "who'll give me the social glass, there are say half-a-dozen; so long as I give and jest for them, and make them merry, will they make me drunk; of friends who'd give me a crust of bread to keep me from starving, or a nail towards my coffin when I am starved and dead, I can't think of one—not one. Of clothes I have just what I have on me; and this ash stick—and, yes, to be sure, I still have it—This!"

He took These from his waistcoat-pocket, and as he fingered them, looked half vengefully, half contemptuously, at a little square pile of pawnbroker's duplicates, the handwriting almost faded, the tickets cracked and limp with long wear, and grimy and soiled with pocket fluff.

"Query," he continued, "when the interest exceeds the value of the articles pledged, is there much good in redeeming said articles?"

He then took THIS, not hastily, but very slowly and cautiously, and almost fearfully, from a breast-pocket. THIS was wrapped up in an old blue-silk pocket-handkerchief, holey almost like a colander, and again in several envelopes of such soft, gray paper as the Nuremberg chapmen used to wrap their toys up in. Then he held THIS to the red firelight, having previously opened the dark morocco jewel-case, lined with white satin, which held it; in the midst of which THIS, a bracelet of just half-a-dozen curious-looking, semi-transparent, blackish-blue or bluish-black beads, lay coiled up like a shining little serpent.

"Here, safe enough," the Captain said gloomily, bending his head over the case. "This, in the right place, with the right man to take it off my hands, would make Jack Pollyblank's fortune, and yet it wouldn't pawn for eighteenpence. Mr. Dobree don't know what stones the bracelet is made of. Ha, ha! Where is that queer fellow I had the famous drinking bout with here, I wonder? But what's the good of asking? He was screwed,—I know I was awfully,—and never meant it when he said he would give me twenty pounds for the shining thing. I gave him my address. He promised to call. He didn't. Of course not! To-morrow I sha'n't have any address to give. Meanwhile, who'd give me anything for the bauble? Eighteenpence, said I? I

don't believe I could raise fourpence on it. Fourpence? not the price of a pint, even. Who'd believe me, when I said that it came from India; that it was the young man and the old man's best companion under circumstances of peculiar difficulty! There isn't a pin's worth of gold and silver about it. However, it may be useful to you some day, Jack, my boy; and soon too."

This reflection with regard to the ultimate utility of the bracelet seemed to impart far less comfort than tribulation to Jack, his boy, who wrapping-up and replacing THIS in his breast-pocket, set his teeth, and leaning his elbows on his hands, his chin on his palms, and twining his fingers in his hair, scrooped the legs of his chair along the ground in a most broken-spirited manner, and gave vent to a sound which began like a whistle and ended like a groan.

"Hallo!" he cried, starting up as the door opened. "That's either Dick with the beer, or Dick without it; or a customer. Wrong again. Now for the Blue Pump."

It was indeed the Blue Pump, in the person of Mr. Meggot, the landlord, and not its waiter, who entered the room, and to the intense astonishment of Captain Pollyblank, with the nearest approach to a bow that he could command; and, which was far more important, with a steaming tankard of purl, two clean pipes, and a screw of tobacco.

"I'm sure, Cap'en," the Blue Pump said apologetically to his amazed customer, "I'm very sorry that yare gopus shouldn't be 'ave rightly understood yare order. 'Ere is the stuff, Cap'en, and welcome."

"The cash," Captain Pollyblank stammered, for he was quite taken off his guard by this unforeseen attendance to his wishes, "will be right to-morrow. It will be righteous; it will be jan-nock; yea, wholly and entirely upon the square. I may say, Meggot, that it will be as right as ninepence." So saying, he extended one hand for the tankard and another for the pipe, and trembled with emotion; for liquor and tobacco were as milk and honey to the soul of Jack Pollyblank; yet he was not quite certain but that Meggot was tantalising him, and might at last withdraw the coveted purl and birdseye.

"Right or wrong," the Pump answered, "it's all one to Sim Meggot, licensed to be drunk on the premises. It's settled."

"You don't mean to say that you're going to stand it, Sim?" asked the Captain, thinking that the Blue Pump had either come into a fortune, or gone out of his mind.

(To be continued.)



## The Poisoner's Daughter:

### A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)  
THE ALCHEMIST AND HIS VISITORS.

"Mr Goliath, Captain Blood, can make this mass of steel sweep about the heads of his foes like the flatter of a quail's wing," muttered the alchemist as he swayed the heavy sword aloft with both hands.

"So St. Luke escaped grapes, gloves, and book, so far," he continued, as he laid aside the sword he had chosen for Captain Blood, and glanced critically at the lighter one which he had selected for himself. "But he may wear the gloves to-night, when he reports to Cromwell; but be that as it may, this sword in my hand will end him were he thrice the juggler of the rapier that report calls him. I may meet him to-night, and 'twill be easy to fasten a quarrel upon my young lark, and there's an end of him. No one shall live to boast that he deceived Herbert Redburn."

His features assumed a vindictive and malicious expression as he mused, and his air became as menacing as if his foe stood before him.

"Rime reports that a fugitive party have taken refuge at Goodwin's Farmhouse. Goodwin? What Goodwin? Perhaps old Giles, the firm friend of Sir Edward Dudley. If so, then Sir Edward will hide there—it's said he escaped from the city after killing a servant of St. Luke—pity 'twas not Col. St. Luke himself—I would have saved me much trouble. A fugitive party: three women, three men, and a dwarf. It was Lenora and her friends, no doubt—the dwarf of Freeman's Marsh. I would I could have seen more of that dwarf. I saw him but once, and then I was busy, yet I saw that he regarded me closely with a pair of fine eyes, which have haunted me ever since. And now that all is ready, I will arouse my sleeping tiger."

He closed and locked the closet, and turned to find a tall, cloaked figure standing in the middle of the room, the cloak drawn carefully up to the eyes, and the visor of the helmet far over the face.

Not many feet from this figure, and near the open door, stood another figure, much shorter than the first, but both cloaked and masked.

So sure had the alchemist been that no one could intrude upon him, all access to the Red House being cut off, except by the secret passage from the laboratory, that he had not locked the door of his apartment."

For years he had not failed to omit the locking of that door, and that fact, more than the presence of two unknown persons, startled him.

But he was a prompt and desperate man at any moment, nor could he be taken by surprise. The pistols which he had so carefully loaded were under his hand, and the instant he saw the intruders a weapon was levelled at each.

"I am your son, Herbert Redburn," said the taller of the two, in a firm, sharp voice. "I am your son Hereward, whom you think dead, but who was carried away by your wife Edith."

The extended arms of the amazed alchemist sank to his side. If the speaker lied, it proved that he knew two secrets which the alchemist had guarded with a terrible jealousy, and for which he had sent more than half a score to sudden death—two facts which he had thought, up to that instant, were known only to himself—namely, three facts, viz:—

That Reginald Brame was Herbert Redburn;

That he had once a son named Hereward;

That he had once a wife named Edith.

True, he had revealed himself to Charles Stuart and Oliver Cromwell, but it was not to be supposed for a moment that either had betrayed his information.

Neither could his secrets have been made known by the fugitive Lady Eleanor, for she was mad and incapable of connected thought except as crazy Mag Floss.

Who, then, was the mysterious stranger who had ventured to brave him? How did he learn those three dangerous facts? How did he gain admittance into that house? Who was that other masked personage, whose fierce and flashing eyes flamed from the eyeholes of the mask?

These questions, and many others, flashed through the mind of the alchemist, for the disguised tone used by the speaker gave no clue to his identity.

"If you are my son, show your face, said the alchemist, after a pause.

The cloak of the taller intruder was thrown aside, and Colonel Raymond St. Luke, in full uniform, stood before him.

"Ah! my late apprentice!" exclaimed the alchemist, with a triumphant glitter in his eyes, "Raymond St. Luke. And who is the other?"

"That you may or may not know," replied St. Luke, whose drawn sword was in his hand. "If you believe what I tell you, you need never know who that gentleman is. If you fail to be convinced, it will be better for you not to learn!"

"Colonel St. Luke speaks in riddles. I was never good at guessing. Will he speak more to the point, as I have important business on hand, and, as St. Luke is here, I have also an account to settle with him," said the alchemist, calmly.

"Listen, Herbert Redburn. You hear?"

The rattle of regimental drums was heard as St. Luke spoke, and their warlike noise echoed throughout the empty chambers and corridors of the Red House.

The alchemist then knew that the regiment of the speaker had entered or were passing into the house through the secret passage.

"I hear drums. What of that?"

"It tells you that St. Luke's regiment is entering the house of a traitor, of a poisoner, of a man who this day made three deliberate attempts to poison the commander of that regiment. It tells you to be humble and beg for your life at the hands of the man whom you tried to assassinate, for if I once cry out 'Rescue!' you Herbert Redburn, will be torn in pieces by a thousand men."

"You call me Herbert Redburn, you intimate that I had a wife named Edith, also that I had a son named Hereward, and you declare that you are that son," replied the alchemist, upon whose pale calm face not a sign of the least emotion was visible. "If I am Herbert Redburn, prove it. If Herbert Redburn ever had a wife named Edith, prove it. If by that wife he ever had a son, prove it. If that son's name was Hereward, prove it. If you are that son, prove that also."

St. Luke, cool and sagacious as he was, and inheriting all the desperate courage and mercilessness of his father, had not the experience of the latter—the hardihood and nerve of mind and body which belong to long lives of successful crime. He was startled by the calmness of the alchemist's defiance, and paused to reflect.

"If I am all you assert," continued Herbert Redburn, "and so vile and outlawed as you declare, even in asserting that I am Herbert Redburn, why does Raymond St. Luke, one of the favourite officers of the Lord Protector, condescend to claim me as his father?"

"Of that we will speak hereafter," replied St. Luke. "First, let me tell that which will prove to you that I know you to be Herbert Redburn, of Essex."

"Good," said the alchemist, with a derisive smile. "I thought I was simple Reginald Brame, an apothecary and alchemist of some little note; but it seems I am to be proved somebody else.

I will listen, Colonel St. Luke; but my time is very short. So, pray, be brief."

He sat down, with a careless, scornful air, which seemed to say—

"I will toy with this fellow a while, as a cat plays with a mouse before she devours him. This is St. Luke, who has deceived me once, and who wishes to do so again. He has accidentally discovered something which will cost him his life, and the life of that other there, who has heard his assertions; but how much has he discovered, and from whom, and why does he claim to be my son? Let me listen, and learn."

"It does not matter to me, sir, whether your time be short or long," remarked St. Luke, also seating himself, and drawing a lamp to him. "My regiment is below, and you may never pass from this room alive, Herbert Redburn; or, if alive, a captured and condemned murderer, a traitor and poisoner, on his way to be hanged over his own door."

St. Luke now drew a paper from his bosom, and spread it upon the table before him, as if he were about to read aloud.

"Ah, then, you have it all written down," replied the alchemist.

"Yes, here and elsewhere."

"Here and elsewhere," thought the alchemist. This fellow is no common foe. He has escaped three ambushed deaths this day; he defies me; he claims to be my son; he knows a great deal more about me than I ever dreamed any living man, except Henry Redburn, knew; and he has been put upon my track by hints from my brother. But, then, my brother did not recognise me last night, nor does he dream that Reginald Brame is his brother. Come, this St. Luke is very formidable. He makes copies of what he writes, so that if he falls others may complete his schemes. He lets me know that he has duplicated that writing, to warn me that by slaying him I can gain nothing."

"Sir," said St. Luke, addressing the masked personage near the door, "you will keep your eyes upon this man while I read, and upon the slightest movement which looks suspicious, shoot him down and about 'Rescue!'"

The masked personage advanced a step, fixed his eyes upon the alchemist, and revealed a pair of pistols. These he drew and cocked, never moving his fierce eyes from the face of the alchemist.

The latter, whose pistols were still in his grasp, smiled sternly, and said—

"Read on, and read fast, young man; for despite your regiment, your bravo in a mask, and your threats, it is not probable that you will ever have the task of reading again!"

"Ah, then you are not alarmed?"

"Read on and read fast, young man. I have no time to waste."

There was something terrible in the calmness of the alchemist, and even St. Luke felt a chill creep up his veins for an instant as he marked the flaming eyes, the fierce smile, and the confident tone.

But as he glanced at the masked personage the latter bowed his head gravely, as if to say—

"Read on; I am with you."

This glance, and the gesture of the head which answered it, did not escape the vigilance of the alchemist, and he fixed his eyes upon the unknown."

(To be continued.)

## THE LETTER G.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(This tale commenced in No. 327.)

"It has brought back hope and life to my darling," said Peter; "and I say long life and happiness to the good old cove whose money bought it. Bless his spectacles, wig, and whiskers! he is worth an army of such as your cruel old father, and my snarling old uncle."

"Don't say so. But really I think I ought to thank him."

"Do you? Well, write a pretty little note, and tell him he's a darling and you're another."

"I shall do no such thing; I shall thank him with all my heart for my letter G."

And so she did.

Before two days were over she had finished and taken to the Society rooms the dozen shirts, and nine dollars were handed to her. She was at once entranced, believing that she must be a second Dame, with the golden shower falling round her.

She gave her note to Mrs. Easton with a blush and smile, and begged her to hand it to her kind unknown friend, and hurried home with a new supply of work.

At the door she met her landlady.

"Was it a sewing machine, ma'am," she inquired, "which came to you the other night?"

"Yes," answered Madge.

"Lor, ma'am! my Jane's almost crazy with the work they want her to do for Christmas. She's got all of a dozen children's dresses to braid, which it ain't possible to do half. If you could help her, ma'am, of course you'd get the money for all you'd do. Is there a braider to your machine?"

"Come up and I'll see," said Madge.

The landlady only waited to run into her room and bring out a bundle when the two ascended the stairs. Madge hurried to the little drawer and took out her book of directions.

"Yes, yes," she said, joyfully, "here it is! 'The braid is to pass through a hole in the foot.' Yes, I can do it, and thank you a thousand times."

"Well, here's a little merino dress, all stamped, and here is the braid; and that's the machine, is it? an odd one, any how," and off went the good soul, relieved.

In the afternoon, just before the sun set, Peter came in. She could hardly stop to give him welcome with a kiss. Her dress was nearly done.

"Madge, do you know it is Christmas-eve?" asked Peter.

"Yes, darling." And a little fluttering sigh escaped her.

"What an unkind, unforgiving, uncharitable old blunderbuss your father is!"

"Hush, dear. Poor papa! I'm sure he'll be lonesome to-night. I wish—oh, how I wish he could have forgiven me! I should be glad and thankful to live here just as we do if papa would forgive me and love me again."

Fast-moving tears blinded her. She had to stop working and hide her pale face on her husband's shoulder. They were so absorbed in each other that they had not heard the door open. They did not see standing there in the dusky gloom, as if transfixed, an old man, with remorse and grief convulsing every feature. His lips moved, but no sound came from them; it seemed as if this remorse and grief had swelled in his throat and closed it. His eyes were strained upon the wan, tearful face of the young wife. He wildly pressed his hands upon his head, and uttered a hollow groan.

"What's that?"

With a piercing, sudden scream which rang through the room, Madge was in his arms, crying, sobbing, laughing, with her lips against his cheek, and murmuring, "Father, dear father, thank God! thank God!"

"Oh, Madge, darling," he cried, "forgive me, try to forgive me! I know you do; but oh, say it, my little Madge, whom I have treated so cruelly. And you, my son, you will not refuse my hand? Oh! God bless you both and forgive me. She said I must wait six months; she said I must punish you for your disobedience. But oh, my darling, will God ever forgive me for bringing you to this?"

He held her tight, and great scalding tears fell from his eyes upon her face. His very heart was torn by the sight of that pale, patient face, so unlike his blooming dimpled Madge.

"Never mind, papa," she said at last. "Don't be so grieved; it is all right now, and I would not have had it different."

"Oh, my little Madge, when I gave the money to Mrs. Easton for the poor suffering creature, little did I dream it was for my own darling. As I sat down to dinner to-day Mrs. Easton handed me your precious note. Your handwriting! I jumped up, upset my chair, and rushed out of the room. I suppose they thought me mad. But I have you once more, my pet. You shall never leave me again. You and Peter must come away immediately. She shall give way. She shall forgive you. She ought to ask your forgiveness. And we shall all be happy again."

They told him of all that had happened. They softened the bitterest part of the sad narrative, for his poor old heart was so grieved and remorseful.

Then they made a little feast for him; for he had lost his dinner in the mingled joy and anguish of finding his child, and they too had appetites sharpened and quickened by their happiness.

Peter ran out, and bought a capital steak with the appropriate "fixins." It took all his money, but we won't mention it; and when he returned he set the table, while Madge broiled and turned and tossed the steak in a manner to reflect undying honour on her skill as a cook; while her father first pulled the corners of his mouth down to cry, then suddenly twitched them up to laugh, winking very hard between misery and amusement that his little girl should have been brought to such a pass.

But oh! wasn't it jolly? wasn't it gorgeous?—these are Peter's vulgar expressions, not mine. They sat down to partake of the refreshments, feeling as if all that was passing was but a rapturous dream. Madge with her blue eyes fixed upon her venerable parent, her husband with his adoring eyes fixed upon her, and the kind old father burying his face every other minute in his pocket handkerchief. Everybody was forgiven, and all the sad past was forgotten; and a sweet, fresh look of joyous peace came into Madge's eyes.

They could not go away that night, though they had hard work to persuade Mr. Bolton to wait. But very early the next morning the blessed Christmas morning, Peter went to that awful place, the pawnbroker's, and redeemed their wardrobe with some of the money which Mr. Bolton had given to his darling. Then he came, little suspecting that the dainty silk dress that Madge wore had just been brought from such a place. They would not tell him, for it would have renewed all his grief.

Then the good landlady was paid, and presented with such little articles of furniture as they had bought, and a half sad, half happy farewell look was taken at the poor little rooms which had witnessed so much suffering and so much happiness.

"Peter, we must take my precious letter G. Do you think I shall ever part with that, my dear?"

Madge did not dream of relinquishing her dearly-bought self-reliance, and becoming once more a useless fine lady. No indeed. She and her letter G, both singing, made almost everything she wore, with no end of tucking and hemming; and many of her dresses sprouted out in "curly-cues and whirligigs" of the most intricate and beautiful patterns of braiding and embroidery. Oh yes! and better than this, many another letter G made music in the wretched homes where hitherto Hood's "Song of the Shirt" had been sobbed out by fainting, starving souls. Madge picked her father's pocket with impunity for this purpose. With every gift of one his poor old heart grew lighter. It seemed like expiation for his unkindness to his darling, and soothed his bitter memory of her troubles.

And when, nearly a year after, little babe Madge came, and lay nestling soft on her happy young mother's breast, seeming like a tiny child-angel which had floated down to her out of heaven, the snow-white robes in which the wee thing was tenderly wrapped owed their dainty grace to the letter G.

## A SMALL EXCITEMENT.

We had quite a small excitement at Koromazlo, say a correspondent, this afternoon. I was writing quietly, and thinking what a hot day it was, when I heard a number of soldiers running and shouting. I rushed to the door of my tent and saw a troop of very large monkeys trotting along, pursued by the men, who were throwing stones at them. Visions of monkey skins flashed across my mind, and in a moment snatching up revolvers and sun helmets, three or four of us joined the chase. We knew from the first that it was perfectly hopeless, for the animals were safe in hills, which extended for miles. However, the men scattered over the hills, shouting and laughing, and so we went on also, and for a couple of hours climbed steadily on, scratching ourselves terribly with the thorn bushes which grow everywhere—and to which an English quickset hedge is as nothing—and losing many pounds' weight from the effect of our exertions. Hot as it was, I think that the climb did us all good. Indeed, the state of the health of every one out here is most excellent, and the terrible fevers and all the nameless horrors with which the army was threatened in its march across the low ground, turn out to be the effect of imagination only of the well-intentioned but mischievous busybodies, who have for the last six months filled the press with their most dismal predictions. I have heard many an hearty laugh since I have been here, at all the evils we were threatened would assail us in the thirteen miles between Annecy Bay and this place. We were to die of fever, malaria, sun-stroke, tetze fly, Guinea worm, tape worm, and many other maladies. It is now nearly three months since the first man landed, and upon this very plain there are at present thousands of men, including the Beloochee regiment, and other natives, hundreds, taking Europeans only, officers, staff and departmental, with the conductors, inspectors, and men of the transport, commissariat, and other departments. From the day of the first landing to the present time there has not been one death, or even an illness of any consequence, among all these men upon this plain of death.—*Abyssinian Letter.*

## CAB LAW.

As a good deal of misunderstanding seems still to prevail among cabmen as to the meaning of the clause in the new Act in regard to shilling fares, it would surely be worth while to simplify the official notification of the tariff. At present the plate inside the cab bears the following inscription:—

Fares by distance, within a radius of four miles from Charing-cross. If hired when standing on a stand for any distance not exceeding a mile, 1s.; and for any distance exceeding a mile, for every mile, and for any part of a mile not completed, at the rate of 6d. When not standing on a stand, for each mile and for any part of a mile not completed at the rate of 6d.

This is, no doubt, strictly correct, but the meaning would be more readily and distinctly grasped if it were put in fewer words. Would it not be enough to say that the fare is 6d. a mile, but that no cab should be taken off a stand for less than the fare of 1s.?

THE STRAND UNION.—Although the Strand guardians now hold their meetings in secret, the vestry discussions throw a reflected light on their proceedings. At a meeting of St. Anne's vestry it was stated that the guardians have relaxed nothing in their vindictive persecution of Dr. Rogers, whose sympathy with his poor patients was so reprehensible in their eyes. Having been called on by the Poor Law Board to justify their dismissal of Dr. Rogers, they have had to search through their books for the last twelve years, in order to furnish up evidence against him, although four years ago they presented him with a testimonial for his services. Dr. Rogers has in vain applied for a copy of the charges against him, and the vestry has now taken up the matter and forwarded a resolution to the guardians, calling upon them to produce their indictment for public investigation.



## THE REFORM RIOTS.

It is a very good rule to let bygones be bygones, and no one is less anxious than we are to rake up the unpleasant scandals of the Reform League Riot in Hyde Park. But the remarks which Mr. Goldwin Smith made on the subject in St. James's Hall should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. "Mr. Beales and the Reform League," he said, "have done a good work, and have done it well, and it will, as I believe, stand good when these controversies are wound up in the political history of their country." We are afraid that the effects of this good work are only too evident at the present time in the general tendency to resort to violence for the attainment of any object, and that, as far as defiance of law and order is concerned, there is only a distinction of degree between the Reform League and the Fenians. Whether or not the public had a right to hold meetings in Hyde Park was a question which ought to have been tried in a peaceable and legal way. Mr. Beales and his immediate friends did not on the occasion of the first riot attempt to force their way into the Park, but they can hardly be acquitted of responsibility for the violence to which their passionate language incited their followers, and to which so many boastful references have been made in the reports and speeches of the League. In fact, the whole tenor of the arguments and appeals of the League at that time was that the people thought that they were ill-used and had therefore a right to take the law into their own hands. No doubt Mr. Beales personally is very anxious to repudiate all sympathy with Fenianism, though some of his friends openly applaud it, but it is impossible not to see an affinity between the spirit of the Reform League and that which animates the Fenian conspirators.

## THE NEGRO.

The House of Representatives at Washington recently entertained itself with an anthropological debate on the negro. Mr. Brooks, of New York, made a long speech devoted to proving the inferiority of the negro. "From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot," said Mr. Brooks, "he is a different creature. The very hair that crowns the negro's head is not hair, it is wool (laughter), wool only, and not hair. It is elliptical in its form, and without the medullary canal to be found in the hair of the white man. The negro's skull is inferior to the white man's skull; his nose is different (laughter), his teeth are different, the convolutions of the brain are entirely different, the pelvis different. (Laughter.) The negro is not the equal nor the brother of the white man, and in no case should the white man go into co-partnership with him. The black man has never done anything in the arts, or sciences, or literature, or Government." In reply Mr. Stevens proposed to match Fred. Douglass or Langston against "the gentleman from New York," to discuss any topic he might please except negro skins. The people of Washington showed in the evening of the day on which this discussion occurred their agreement with Mr. Brooks by driving two coloured men from the dress circle of the National Theatre, for which they had purchased tickets.

## THE GROWTH OF PEERS.

LORD MALMESBURY has made a characteristic speech to an audience of farmers at Christchurch. That part of Hampshire, it appears, grows peers. "There had been three peers created, if he might use the expression, on that very soil." One of these three, Lord Malmesbury says, was Mr. Canning, whose connection with Christchurch soil is not explained, and who really had nothing more to do with it than he married a daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who lived in the neighbourhood. Lord Stuart, who obtained a peerage in his diplomatic career, being Lord Malmesbury's first example, the next is Lord Canning. "The next was Mr. Canning, the son of a very eminent statesman, but who had no better education than any other man of his class. He came forward, having evidently inherited the talent of his father, and was made a peer, and he graced the peerage." Lord Malmesbury has uttered many blunders, but this one could hardly have been expected from him, seeing that he is grandson of the diplomatist, Mr. Canning's friend, and edited his grandfather's memoirs, and has been Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Canning's son was not made a peer either for his indifferent education or for his inherited talents; but on the death of the "very eminent statesman," his widow was made a peeress; and the late Lord Canning, a boy of fifteen when the peerage was created, inherited the title on his mother's death.



GOING TO BED.

## WHY THE ITALIANS WANT ROME.

It may be confidently asserted, we are afraid, that the strongest and most active motive which is urging the Italians towards Rome is not the conviction that the Papal Court is an engine of horrible oppression to its own subjects, and a very mischievously bad neighbour to their own civil administration, nor merely the wish to complete the national unity by abolishing the distinctions which separate the bit of ground under priestly rule from the surrounding provinces, but the longing desire to make Rome the capital of Italy. It is not quite easy to make those who have not an intimate acquaintance with Italian people and with Italian history understand the violence, the nature, and the meaning of this strong desire. We all feel the poetry and the magic of the *magni nominis umbra*—eternal Rome. We can appreciate and sympathise with the feelings called into play by the mighty associations and memories which that name evokes. We can understand the poetical side of the question, and the notion engendered by it in the hearts of an emotional and impractical people, that to make Italy again occupy the place she once held among the nations, it needs but that she should once again have her national existence in the spot whence decrees have been for so many centuries issued *orbi et urbi*. But this is only one, and that the least prominent and powerful, of the feelings that make the Italians intensely anxious to have Rome for their capital. It is unhappily the recrudescence and outcropping of the old internecine mediæval jealousies between one municipality and its neighbours and rivals. Turin cannot endure that Florence should be promoted to the high rank of capital, while itself is reduced to the position of a provincial city. Naples will not tolerate the superiority of any community of which it has always not unreasonably considered itself at least the equal. The "I am as good as you" feeling is equally strong in many another fair and once sovereign city. Even the scores of municipalities of the second class will not willingly see Florence, formerly their rival, and in the case of many of them an upstart rival, once looked down on by them from the height of their own earlier secured power,—thus promoted over their heads. And this is in reality the sentiment which gives the chief intensity to the cry of "Rome for the capital of Italy!" All these ancient rivals and enemies would bow to the majesty of that name,—all the more readily that it is but a name.—*Saint Pauls.*

migrate to New York as the true sphere of enterprise and speculation. What, then, is to be the fate of the Western Athens? We presume that for some time it will bear the same relations to New York that Edinburgh to the Walter Scott period did to London; and then after a certain lapse of time literary talent will obey the universal law, and gravitate to the metropolis.

## THE FRENCH OPPOSITION.

It is only natural that the Opposition newspapers of Paris should be jubilant over the defeat of two Government candidates in electoral districts, in which the nominees of authority have always hitherto been returned by considerable majorities. The two members returned over the Government candidates will not, however, go to the Palais Bourbon to reinforce that small party of Opposition *quand même* whose members took the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, with the intention of breaking it at the first favourable opportunity, and who condemn his policy, not because it is bad, and the measures of his Government, not because they are mischievous, but with the purpose of creating as much embarrassment as possible for him. They will join that far larger body of independent members who accept the Empire and its institutions without reserve, but judge the measures the Ministers of the Empire propose upon their merits, and labour to amend or to reject them, when amendment or rejection seems desirable in the interests of France. It is to the increase of this party, unfortunately hardly represented in the Parisian press, that we look for the true coronation of the edifice with liberty. It is for the Emperor to strip himself of the absolute and overpowering powers he assumed when he seized the throne, until there is some chance of a majority in the Legislative Chamber which will use its authority not to bring about a revolution, but to strengthen the bases of order and public security upon the foundations of a well-regulated freedom. The mere nominees of the present can be of little use for this purpose, and the men of the old parties—who still dream of the restoration of dethroned dynasties, or the establishment of a republic, and, united on this one point of their hatred to the empire, labour zealously to bring it into "antrum and contempt"—can render liberty but more negative services.

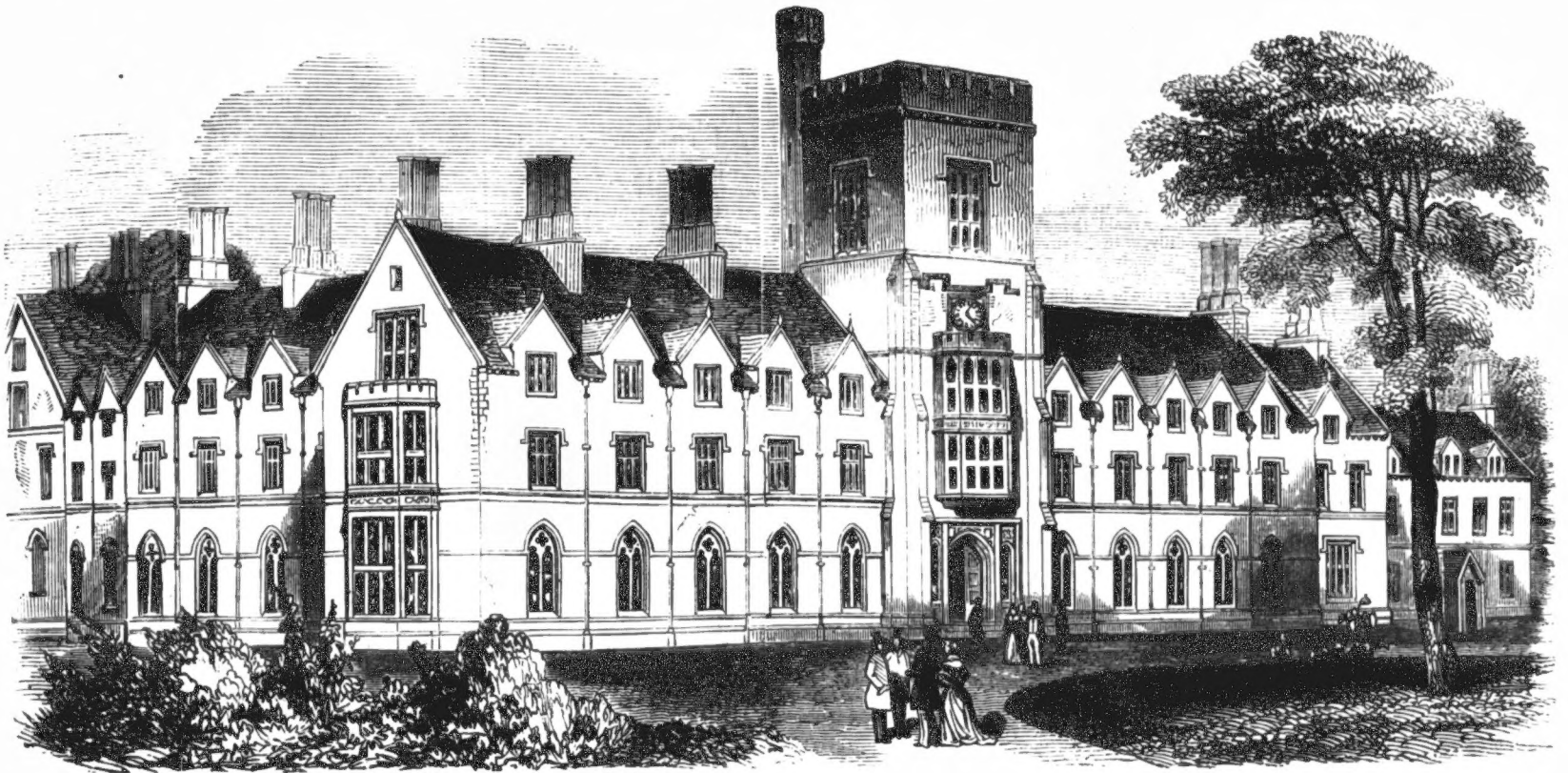
## THE BOOK POST.

The influence of that admiral device the book post may be traced in the character of the gifts which are exchanged at this season. With the facilities of the book post a new set of ideas soon grew up amongst us. Booksellers, stationers, and the manufacturers of small and pretty gifts in general at once saw their opportunity, and the whole country by degrees was flooded with an infinite variety of pictures, books, magazines, and delicate, though cheap, jewelry, for which there was scarcely any demand under the old Post-office regime, for the simple reason that there was no cheap and easy means of sending them about the country. Then came chromolithography, and photography, multiplying and beautifying the old-fashioned types of illustrations, and suggesting a fresh host of pretty trifles to tempt everybody who wished to send remembrances to the endless young relations and friends who could be reached through the post alone. Thence, again, arose the increased demand for the Christmas book proper, now producing a supply more numerous and gorgeous than ever. Valentine's Day has also been invested by Sir Rowland Hill with an importance all its own; so that whereas the sending of valentines was formerly chiefly confined to housemaids and their followers, and was held to be vulgar among gentlemen except in the case of very small children, it has now grown into a custom as expensive as it is gigantic.

## DECADENCE OF BOSTON.

The Cunard steamships have been withdrawn from Boston, which does not yield them sufficient freight, and henceforth will sail always from New York. This is a significant circumstance; it marks the commercial decay of the metropolis of New England, which at the time of the Revolution was larger and more thriving than New York itself. But the railways tend to centralise commerce; as Boston swallowed up Marblehead and Salem, so it is about to be swallowed up by a city which must always, on account of its magnificent harbour, be the great commercial emporium of the Atlantic seaboard. The Bostonians have long foreseen this. Most of the great firms (we may instance that of Ticknor and Fields) have established branch depôts in New York, and ambitious young Bostonians are in the habit of regarding their native city as an excellent school, but





THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER.

## ALPINE CLIMBING.

EVERY mountain is new to a man who attacks it for himself, who arranges his own scheme of assault, and carries it out by his own efforts. Amongst the less dangerous mountains there is plenty of room for this, which will always be a charming form of exercise. For—and this is the last remark we need offer—there is a pleasure about mountaineering such as few amusements can afford. Those who go with some supplementary object, to collect flowers, or to make observations in geology or in glaciers, will find that their favourite pursuit gains additional charms when it leads amongst the magnificent scenery of the Alps. Whatever nonsense has been talked upon the subject, there is nothing grander in nature than the wild scenery of the high mountains, with its strange contrasts and rapidly-shifting effects. A man who has passed a few hours even at the Jardin or at the foot of the Matterhorn has learnt what is really meant by natural sublimity. If he has a touch of poetry in his composition, he cannot but be profoundly affected by the strange solitudes of the eternal snow, by the mighty cliffs, and the soaring peaks changing their aspect with every passing cloud that drifts through them, and every ray of sunshine that strikes upon them. When wandering amongst their inmost recesses he bears away indelible impressions such as are hidden from the traveller confined to the valley, and tormented by cockneys and innkeepers. And, if it is necessary to descend to lower considerations, there is nothing which in moderation has a more potent influence upon the health. To breathe the pure air of the Alps after eleven months in London streets is an escape from a close prison; the lungs expand, the step becomes firm, and the appetite sometimes startles even its owner. Amongst all pleasant memories of such delights, let us try to revive one which many of our readers may have enjoyed. Let us place ourselves in imagination on a sunny steep of the mountains about 4 p.m. on a glorious day in July. Behind our backs towers some mighty pyramid, which, after long calculations and various attempts, we have succeeded in scaling that morning. A cairn, just visible through a telescope from the valley, testifies to all posterity that the summit has at last felt the foot of man. We have descended through various difficulties till at last we have been greeted by the sound of the cowbells floating up through the thin air. And now we have reached

the chalet, emptied a pailful of delicious warm milk at a draught, eaten some gigantic hunks of bread, butter, honey, hard-boiled eggs, and cold fowl, and, after lighting a pipe, lain down on a bush of Alpine roses, to enjoy the pleasure of lazily regarding the glorious scenery and a little village,—not unprovided with a comfortable inn,—at our feet. Such moments leave vivid recollections, and cause those who have once tasted them to vow that they shall not be without successors.—*Saint Pauls.*

## AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER.

ABOUT a mile and a half from the ancient town of Cirencester stands the Agricultural College, capable of accommodating two hundred students in agricultural art. The building is in the Elizabethan style, and the principal front is 195 feet. In the library is to be seen "The Natural History of New York"—that wonderful voluminous book of seventeen large volumes—presented to the college by the United States Government. The veterinary establishment is extensive, and is situated to the left of the college. The museum contains a large collection of skulls and skeletons of all domestic animals to be found on a farm, veterinary instruments, models, &c. There is also a theatre in the building, in which the necessary lectures are given. The farm and grounds comprise about 600 acres, laid out in every variety of form and use, and under different aspects of culture, together with beautiful botanical gardens. The course of instruction comprises the science and practice of agriculture, chemistry, natural history, veterinary practice, surveying, practical engineering, &c. The fee for students is £80 per annum, and out-students £40. Everything is admirably conducted, and is superintended by a council of noblemen and gentlemen.

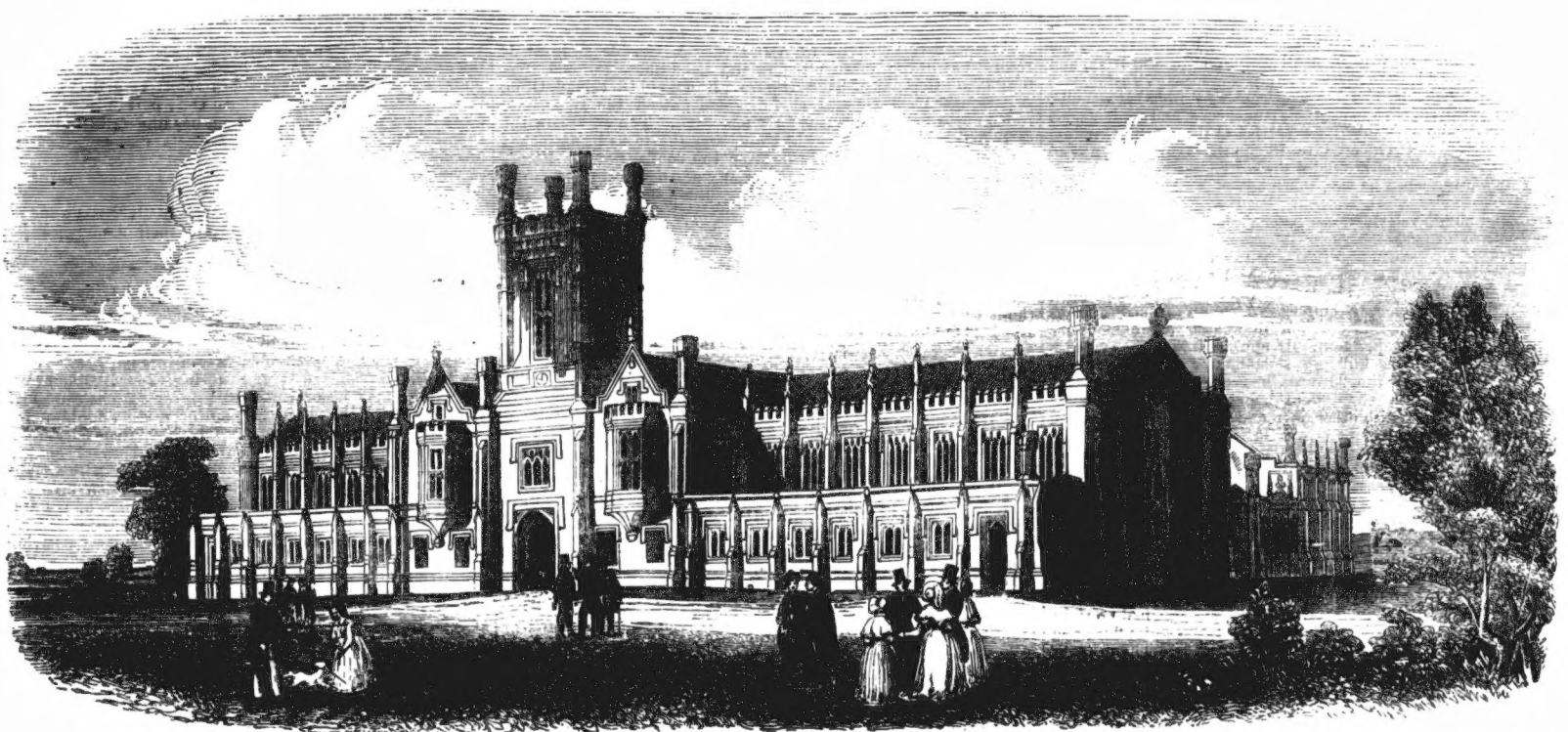
ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

## ! CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

AMONG the principal ornaments of the fashionable town of Cheltenham is the college, established for the purpose of giving a classical education to the sons of gentlemen. The building, as will be seen from our illustration, is a very fair specimen of our Modern Gothic architecture. The college was first established in 1841. The present structure was opened in 1844. Since then two wings have been added. The tower rises to an height of about 80 feet, beneath which is the principal entrance. The entire length of the building is 240 feet, and the ground floor consists of a school-room, 90 feet by 45 feet. The gymnasium is also the same size. The lecture room is 40 feet by 32 feet. The interior arrangements of the building are well adapted for scholastic purposes, and the rooms are all very lofty. The institution is divided into two departments—the classical department and the military and civil department.

## WHAT DOES A FENIAN LOOK LIKE?

THERE has been some alarm at Fulham about a plot to blow up the gasworks, and the police, finding a man lurking at night on the premises, arrested him on suspicion. Mr. Ingham, the police magistrate, discharged the prisoner from custody, and in doing so, no doubt, acted very properly, for there was no evidence to connect the man with any evil conspiracy. But the reason which Mr. Ingham gave for his decision requires some explanation. Mr. Ingham said he dismissed the man "because he did not look like a Fenian." This conveys no distinct impression to the mind, and we should be glad to learn from Mr. Ingham in more detail what a Fenian does look like. It would certainly simplify legal proceedings very much if cases could be disposed of in this easy way, but it would be very awkward if each magistrate had his own notion of the appearance of a Fenian. In the present instance the prisoner profited by his prepossessing appearance in Mr. Ingham's eyes, but there are a good many ill-looking people of most impregnable loyalty who will hardly be able to venture abroad during the present panic if their Fenian proclivities are to be determined by a police magistrate's conception of personal beauty.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.



## LAW AND POLICE.

**THREATENING LORD POULETT.**—Mr. Robert William Copthwaite was re-examined, charged on a warrant with feloniously causing to be received by William Henry, Lord Poulett, a letter demanding of him, with menaces, and without reasonable or probable cause, the sum of £15.—Mr. Arnold mentioned that when taken into custody the prisoner expressed his regret for what had happened, and again in court stated he had written the letter when under the influence of drink, and was very sorry.—Mr. Lewis said this was not the first insulting letter by many that had been received by Lord Poulett from the prisoner, and it could not, therefore, be overlooked.—A long discussion here ensued as to whether the menace alleged was a menace in law.—Mr. Arnold thought threatening to pull a nobleman's nose in Piccadilly, or in the street was exceedingly unpleasant and degrading, though it did not amount to a menace, whereby the person menacing, if found guilty, was guilty of felony, and was liable to penal servitude for life.—Mr. Lewis said the counts in the indictment could be varied.—Mr. Arnold said if the jury acquitted the prisoner of the more grave charge it was still open to the judge to order him to find bail for his good behaviour for threatening to commit a breach of the peace, and he, as a magistrate, could so order, if his lordship thought proper to withdraw the more serious charge.—Mr. Smyth made an urgent appeal to his lordship's generosity. The prisoner was a gentleman by birth, although reduced, and had been on most intimate terms with his lordship. He acknowledged his error, and would promise not to commit himself again; and further, not to make any claim on his lordship, as he had none.—Mr. Lewis asked that prisoner might find sureties.—Mr. Smyth said that would be sending him to prison for a long period.—His lordship, on further consideration, said he had known the prisoner for some years, and was sorry to see him in such a position. He would take the prisoner's word of honour not to annoy him, and his own recognisances for good behaviour.—Prisoner gave the required undertaking, and was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.—Mr. Arnold thought it was a proper termination to the case.

**HARBOURING A RUNAWAY FROM AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.**—A boy of about 13 years of age, named James Burns, was brought up on remand charged with having absconded from the "Boys' Home," a certified industrial school, Regent's-park-road, to which institution he had been committed from Bow-street for a period of three years, of which two years remained unexpired. Also, his father, Bernard Burns, a shoemaker, was charged with harbouring him.—It appeared that the younger prisoner absconded about four months ago, and was found a few days back at the lodgings of his father, who said that the boy could earn 10s. a week by assisting him in his trade, and he did not wish him to go back to the school. Upon being brought before the magistrate the boy alleged that he was driven to run away from the school by the severity of the master of the wood shop, who was in the habit of beating him. The case had been remanded chiefly for the purpose of inquiring into this allegation. It appeared that on two occasions the boy had been punished for not clearing up properly after his work. On one occasion he received one stroke, and on the other two strokes on the hand with a cane. He had not been beaten on any other occasion.—Upon this Mr. Vaughan observed that the chastisement did not appear to him to be at all excessive or improper. Many gentlemen paid large sums for the education of their children at schools where they were subjected to punishments much more severe. The conduct of the father was most selfish and unworthy. He ought to be glad that his son was properly provided for in an institution where he was kept out of the way of bad company and temptation, and brought up to become a useful and respectable member of society. But because the boy could earn a little money to contribute to his father's support, he was encouraged to run away from school and harboured at home for the sake of a few shillings a week. It also seemed inconsistent that so high an estimate should be put on the boy's labour, though the father himself, when called upon to contribute towards his maintenance in the school, pleaded poverty, and declared that he could not even pay 2s. per week. He should convict the boy for absconding from the school, and sentence him to 14 days' imprisonment, and also to serve the remaining two years of his term at a reformatory, instead of the industrial school. He should also convict the father of harbouring the boy, fine him 7s., or in default of payment, sentence him to five days' imprisonment.

**SANGUINARY AFFRAY WITH THE POLICE.**—Thomas Burke, an Irish labourer, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with being concerned with others now under sentence of imprisonment in assaulting and wounding Police-sergeant Fruston, 58 K, and several constables of the K division on the night of the 6th of April last, in Brook-street, Rathcliff.—John Pead, now a carman, and who was a constable, 404 K, in the police force in April last, said he was called upon by the landlord of a public-house to take the prisoner Burke into custody for breaking a pane of glass. He told the landlord he might summon the prisoner. The constable had no sooner pronounced the word summon than the prisoner became furious, and struck the constable. Pead took the prisoner into custody. He made a desperate resistance, dragged the constable several yards, threw him, and struggled with him on the ground. Pead never released his hold of the prisoner until Sergeants Butt and Fruston came to his aid. Stones, bottles, bricks, and other missiles were thrown from all directions by the Irish, and Fruston, Butt, and Pead were severely wounded. Fruston was carried away insensible, and bleeding copiously from his wounds. The police were compelled to use their truncheons, and apprehended two Irishmen, who were subsequently tried at the Central Criminal Court, convicted, and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment and hard labour. The prisoner eluded the search made for him until New Year's Day, when he was taken out of his bed by Fruston, at No. 4, Three Fox-court, Rathcliff. Pead was subsequently discovered, and now gave evidence.—After a long inquiry the prisoner was committed for trial.

**A SPECIAL CONSTABLE FINED FOR AN ASSAULT.**—Joseph Cook, a special constable, was re-examined on a charge of being concerned with other persons in committing a violent assault upon Mr. John W. Embleton, a builder.—A youth, named Thomas Costellon, appeared on this occasion to answer a summons for assaulting the same complainant.—It appeared from the evidence that the complainant was building some houses in Brewer-street, Wandsworth-road. On the 28th ult. he received information that the sash frames of a shop were being broken. When he came up he saw Cook with other men and boys dancing round an organ man. The complainant seized Curry, another special constable, who was pointed out to him as having caused the damage, when Cook and others pitched into him and released Curry. Complainant was severely knocked about; his eye and lip were cut and his arm bruised. Cook said he was a special constable, and showed his paper.—The complainant now stated that Costellon would not let a boy go for a constable. The defendant was one of those who assaulted him.—The prisoner Cook said he never interfered with the complainant.—Mr. Dayman told him that the case was proved against him. The owner had a right to apprehend the man for damaging his shop frame, and the prisoner had no right to interfere to release him. For the assault he fined him 20s., and in default ordered him to be imprisoned for 14 days.—The prisoner strongly protested his innocence, and wished to have the other defendant called as a witness. On Costellon being sworn, he stated that he did not see any person strike the complainant. He did not see him struck.—Mr. Dayman thought the evidence of the witness proved a little too much. It was impossible for the complainant not to know that he was struck.—The witness said he might have been looking another way.—Mr. Dayman refused to

alter his decision and also fined Costellon 20s. and 2s. costs, with an alternative of 14 days' imprisonment.

**THE FENIAN PRISONERS.**—On Monday the five prisoners charged with wilful murder at the outrage at Clerkenwell Prison were re-examined at Bow-street.—Some of the evidence taken was of a very important and interesting character. Facts were adduced to show that Burke was aware of something to be attempted in the nature of an explosion, and that he expected it on the preceding day, as, when the prisoners were exercised, he fell out of the ranks at a certain point, took his boot off as if there were a stone in it, and knocked it against the wall. This was just after the clock struck four, and immediately afterwards a white ball was thrown over the wall as though to announce the postponement of the attempt. It further appeared from the evidence of a boy named Holgate that a barrel was brought on that day to the wall just in the same way as that which was exploded the next day. The police have also discovered from whence some, at least, of the explosive material was obtained, but the chain of circumstances in respect to that matter is yet incomplete. It appears that a man ordered 200lb. of blasting powder on the 4th of December at Curtis and Harvey's, Lombard-street, which was delivered as requested on the 6th, in four barrels, at a greengrocer's shop kept by a Mrs. Martin, in the neighbourhood of Golden-square. One barrel was left there, and the purchase-money, 3l. 7s. 6d., paid by a man who called himself Smith. Another man with a truck took the other three barrels and conveyed them elsewhere. A good many surrounding details were narrated.—The prisoners were again remanded.

**AN UNGENTLEMANLY BET ABOUT A YOUNG WOMAN.**—This was an action to recover £4 14s. 6d. balance of a sum of £5, which defendant said he did not owe.—His Honour (Mr. Kerr): How was this, plaintiff?—Mr. Hall (plaintiff): He asked me to lend him £5 and I did so.—Mr. O'Reilly (defendant): I deny it. It arises out of a betting transaction.—His Honour: What kind of a betting transaction?—Defendant: About a young woman.—His Honour: It is very improper to make bets about young women. How did this arise?—Defendant: We had some conversation about a young woman we both knew. Plaintiff said she would not go to the theatre with him, but I said I was sure she would, upon which plaintiff said he would bet £5 she would not go. The bet was made, and the money staked, and I went to see the young woman, and told her to go with plaintiff, which she did. The money was then handed to me, and I kept it.—Plaintiff: I deny it. I lent him the money.—His Honour: If the transaction took place as related by the defendant, it is both immoral, improper, and illegal, and I am surprised to hear that any such thing could have taken place. According to the defendant's own showing he is not entitled to keep this money, which I shall order to be returned to the plaintiff forthwith with costs.—Verdict for plaintiff with costs.

**THE MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND AGAIN.**—On Saturday a lame boy, 12 years of age, named Charles Willis, whom the Marquis Townshend had given into custody for begging, was taken before the Lord Mayor.—The Marquis stated in effect that he was in Cheapside that day while it was raining heavily, and saw that wretched lame boy, the defendant, begging under pretence of selling fuses. He watched him and saw a person give him some money in passing without receiving any fuses in return. Upon that he gave him into custody, with the intention of procuring his admission to a certified industrial school under the Act of 1866, if the Lord Mayor should think it desirable to make the necessary order.—The constable, in whose care the boy was, said he had been in custody before on a similar charge, but had been liberated on his father promising that he would not allow him to go on the streets again to beg; 2d. was found upon him.—The Lord Mayor remanded the boy, directing him in the interval to be sent to a work-house, and his father to be summoned to appear at the next hearing.

**FORGERY.**—William Dolby, well-dressed, appeared on remand to answer various charges of forgery on the London and County Bank, in Lombard-street.—The case, as formally opened by Mr. Mullens, solicitor to the Bankers' Protection Association, on the first hearing, disclosed an extraordinary system of forgery by the prisoner since December 1866, commencing with the robbery by some one, if not by him, of a blank cheque book of the bank from a parcel of others about to be despatched to their branch at Halesdun on the 13th of that month.—The prisoner was remanded.

**A NEW ORPHANAGE.**—On Saturday two Franciscan nuns from Bayswater attended at the justice-room to ask the Lord Mayor to assist them from the poor-box in their efforts to establish an orphanage in the Portobello-road, Bayswater, primarily for Catholic children, but practically without distinction of creed. They stated that the cost of the building would be £1,800, and that up to the present time they had received £800 in subscriptions.—The Lord Mayor, in handing them a donation from the poor-box, said he hoped their institution would be useful in training girls for service.

**THE ST. JAMES'S HALL RESTAURANT.**—An application was made by Mr. Morley (Loxley and Morley), on behalf of the trade assignees, to confirm a contract they had entered into for the sale of the St. James's Hall business to Mr. Grieve, the well-known caterer, of Edinburgh. It was understood that the price was between £9,000 and £10,000, and creditors to the extent of over £25,000 had already assented.—The Court approved the sale, and ordered accordingly.

**RAILWAY SLAUGHTER IN AMERICA.**—A terrible accident is recorded as having taken place on the Lake Shore railroad, running along the bank of Lake Erie from Buffalo to Cleveland, Ohio. A passenger train running at full speed got off the track, and rolled down an embankment forty feet high. The stores in the carriages, being upset, fired the train, and the doors being locked the passengers could not escape from the conflagration. Forty-one persons were burnt to death, twenty of them being so mutilated as to be unrecognisable. Many others were injured. The charred remains of the dead were conveyed to Buffalo, there to await the claims of their relatives and friends. The American papers say that the disaster has not caused any great sensation—railway slaughter of the kind not being unusual in the United States.

**SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER.**—It may be some consolation to those who have been suffering from the severity of the weather in England to know that they would have fared little better had they, on the approach of winter, fled with the swallows towards the sunny south. The accounts from Nice and Cannes are not pleasant. Both of these wintering places are full to overflowing—new comers can scarcely obtain food and lodging on any terms; and the necessities and luxuries of life are positively at famine prices. The surrounding mountains are covered with snow—a circumstance which rarely occurs—and the east wind seems to have established itself in permanence. A well-built, well-warmed English house, good English fare, and a sea-coal fire will this year have been ill exchanged for the draughty villas, the ill supplied markets, and the scarce fuel of the shores of the Mediterranean. In Central France there has been a heavy fall of snow, and the frost is reported as intense.

**ICE ACCIDENT.**—On Thursday several boys were sliding on a piece of water, known as Hampden's Fish-pond, Wandover, when the ice gave way, and eight of them were immersed. Three of them, by dint of great exertion, managed to reach the bank, but the other five were drowned. Their names are James and Frederick Bates, George Chapman, James Reading and Alfred Wells, their ages varying from eight to twelve years. The bodies were got out and removed to the vicarage-house, where medical aid was at once procured, but it proved of no avail, life being quite extinct. The bodies lie at the house awaiting the inquest. The catastrophe caused great excitement amongst the populace, and will, it is to be hoped, prove a warning to others not to venture on unsound ice.

## THE RECENT STORMS.

Of all the stormy periods, which have found noble work for our Life-boat Fleet, and which have tried the mettle of the brave fellows by whom it is manned, perhaps none have exceeded in violence and destructiveness that of the last few weeks. It has almost seemed as if the tornadoes or cyclones of the Tropics had found their way to our northern shores, although somewhat shorn of their strength before they have reached us. Indeed, if we contrast the character of the short, fitful, and varying storms of the last few years with the steadier and longer gales to which we had been formerly accustomed, it seems more than probable that such has been the case, and that a more general disturbance of the atmosphere in the northern hemisphere has been the result, which disturbance, with its consequent unsettled weather and diversified seasons, may possibly last for several years to come.

Whether, however, such be the case, and whether the old seasons that we recollect "in the merry days when we were young" will again re-visit us, or whether, as is perhaps most likely, the progressive changes which have in times past altered the relative climates of the globe, and left the remains of tropical animals and plants even in its present antarctic regions, will still go on and conduct the earth and its inhabitants through a progression of further changes, so great as to be now inconceivable to us—whether such be the case or not, of one thing we may be certain—that not only will storms and hurricanes continue, but that they are an essential element in preserving and promoting the purity of the lower stratum of the air, and in thus maintaining it in a fitting state for healthy respiration by the animal and vegetable world.

It behoves us then, even while the dire effects of the storm are spread before our eyes in the shape of broken ships, wasted property, and drowned men, thankfully and reverentially to accept the lesser evil with the greater good that Divine Providence has willed for us; and manfully, as heretofore, to strive to lessen the effects of the evil. And may we not feel sure that in so doing we are fulfilling at least one of the objects for which evil is permitted in this imperfect state of existence—viz., the stirring us up to the active exercise of the higher functions of our nature, as manifested in our duties one to another, which an unmixed good would fail to awaken within us.

Let us, however, turn our thoughts to the more practical part of the subject—the rescue of the shipwrecked sailor whom the storm has cast away on our shores, and truly we shall find enough to engage our sympathy and aid in his behalf. Let us contemplate him as he lies on the rigging or the bulwark of his craft, breaking up beneath his feet, with the great surf leaping over her, and nought but the huge waves breaking and roaring all around; when, with his life's blood chilling in his veins, death staring him in the face, and his heart failing him from fear, his thoughts are turned—may be for the last time—towards those who will mourn his loss in his distant home; when, except he should be able to descry the boat of mercy coming to his aid, he knows his last hour is come.

Or again, let us change the scene, and depict to our mind's eye a corresponding scene on shore:—the night is dark, the cold wintry wind and drenching rain, or blinding snow, have driven every living creature to the shelter of its home, except the few hardy men whose business is with wrecks, or the coast patrol whose duty ties him to the shore. Suddenly a signal-light is seen at sea—experienced eyes know but too well the tale it tells. The alarm is given, and quickly, but at first one by one, the hardy boatmen of the place emerge from their humble dwellings, and soon an anxious crowd is gathered together—women, and even children, have mingled with it; there is a running hither and thither—answering lights are shown to those at sea. Presently the life-boat on its carriage, drawn by horses or by men, comes rapidly to the spot, and is soon at the water's side. The determined men who form her crew are seated in her—anxious, and often weeping women, their wives and relations are gathered round—the launching ropes are manned—there is a plunge, and the noble boat and her nobler freight have disappeared amid the thick darkness, and nought is seen or heard but the roar of the waves as they raise their huge crests and fall heavily and continuously on the shore.

Reader, this is no imaginary picture—it is one which has been repeated many times in the gales of the past two months; during those gales no less than two hundred and sixty-one lives of human beings have been saved by the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution alone, nearly the whole of whom would undoubtedly have perished but for that aid.

These noble services have varied much in character; many have been during the dark hours of night, others have been by day; some have been at short distances from the shore, others on the outlying banks far from the land. In some cases greater danger has been incurred than in others. In some, men have been washed overboard from the boats but recovered again. One of the Institution's life-boats was upset when returning to her station; but although with sails set at the time, and the sheets kept fast, she soon righted herself again, and none of her crew were lost. But another life-boat, the property of the boatmen at Gorleston, on the Norfolk coast, was upset by collision with another vessel, and no less than twenty-five of those on board her perished.

Indeed the work of saving shipwrecked persons, even in the best appointed life-boats, must ever be one of danger, and no little courage and hardihood are required on the part of those who engage in it. By giving their invaluable aid they perform their full share of the duty of alleviating and reducing the amount of the misery and evil produced by the storms on our coasts. It remains for those who cannot share the risks and exposures which these brave men incur, to perform their part in this humane work, by enabling the Institution, which has undertaken to organise and superintend it—to provide the life-boats' crews with every means of safety and efficiency, and to remunerate them sufficiently—this serving as some encouragement to them in return for the risks and labour and exposure which they undergo.

The Institution accordingly appeals to all humane and generous persons in the United Kingdom from their abundance towards so good a cause.—*The Life-Boat.*

**A RAPID FALL.**—The Brazilian mail having brought over news of the destruction by fire of the works of the St. John del Rey Mining Company, the company's £20 shares (£15 paid) immediately fell from 57 to 45, a depreciation representing a loss of £132,000. The severe character of this fall is to be attributed, not to the probable cost of restoring the works, but to the long delay that may occur before mining operations can be resumed. The directors of the company, however, seem doubtful of the authenticity of the news, and say they have themselves received no information whatever on the subject. It is to be hoped that this may only be another of the canards which are daily arriving from the South, to be classed with the submersion of Tortola, the second outbreak in Jamaica, and the sinking of the "Ironclad mail steamer Sautern."

AMONGST those who will most seriously suffer for having taken part in the Dublin funeral procession are the few soldiers and others in the service of Her Majesty. As previously stated, Dunlevie, a first-class painter on board the Royal George, was tried on Friday morning for having joined the procession in honour of the Fenians at Dublin. Staff-Commander Way deposed that he had received instructions from Captain Miller that none of the men were to go to Dublin the next day on account of the intended display. The prisoner, contrary to orders, did go to Dublin, walked with his trade in the procession, and, after subsequently admitting his offence, expressed sorrow for what he had done, but he denied having been aware that the men were not to leave to vicinity of the port. Evidence was then given that the prisoner was in the mess-room at the time the order was read out. He was convicted, and sentenced to be detained and to 42 days' imprisonment.



## DANGEROUS TOYS.

JOHN CAREY, 17, Dorset-street, Spitalfields, a lad selling penny toy pistols in the streets, was placed at the bar, before Sir Robert W. Carden, charged with assaulting Detective Sergeant Moss by firing off a toy pistol at the back of his head.

John Moss, detective sergeant, said that he was passing along Coleman-street, about a quarter past two, when he heard an explosion close to his ear and at the same moment something struck him in the back part of the head. The effect was like the prick of a needle, and he felt the sensation for about five minutes. Immediately afterwards he turned round and saw the prisoner carrying a tray on which were 15 toy pistols. He spoke to the prisoner about firing off those pistols in the street, when he commenced a volley of gross abuse and used most filthy language towards him. He took him into custody, and at the station-house found on him 13 boxes of detonating paper.

Sir Robert W. Carden told the prisoner that he had rendered himself liable to a penalty of 40s. for firing off the pistol in the street, besides committing an offence by obstructing the footpath. It was a most dangerous practice to fire off those toys, which made so loud a report, as they might frighten horses and do great mischief. He must fine the prisoner 5s. or in default five days' imprisonment.

The prisoner was locked up in default.

## COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDERS.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS, with characteristic consideration and generosity, has solved the compound householder difficulty in her little village of model houses at Columbia-square, Bethnal-green, by undertaking to pay the full amount of rates for the tenants. The latter will thus be able to acquire votes without paying more either in the shape of rents or rates than hitherto; on the other hand, the parish gains by being spared the expense of collecting the rates separately, which would otherwise have been the result of abolishing the compounding system. Under the circumstances, Miss Burdett Coutts has practised a wise benevolence, but we cannot hope that this solution of a very serious difficulty, which has caused great irritation and very nearly rioting in some parts of the country, will be generally adopted. In passing the Reform Bill, Parliament went out of its way wantonly to commit the blunder and injustice of abolishing compounding, and it is too much to expect the landlords all over the country to put their hands into their pockets and tax themselves in order to avert the bad consequences of such legislation. Many of them cannot afford to follow Miss Burdett Coutts' example even if they were willing, and there is clearly no moral obligation on them to do so. If Parliament has made a mistake it is for Parliament to rectify it.

## FATAL RESULT OF INCAUTIONSNESS.

A MELANCHOLY catastrophe occurred on Thursday afternoon, at the Dean-lane Colliery, Bedminster. The name of the poor fellow who was so untimely cut off is John Towzer, 26 years of age. He had been employed in the mine ever since he was a boy, and was an experienced collier, and well acquainted with the working of a pit. Unfortunately his acquaintance with the perils of his dangerous calling rendered him callous to them, and it is stated that by his neglect of the precautions that he ought to have taken he caused the accident by which he lost his life. It appears that the deceased was engaged in "driving a heading" about 300 yards away from the bottom of the shaft, and had almost completed his task when the mishap took place. He had taken his tools away, but returned to seek something, when a quantity of rubbish, about a ton in weight, fell from the roof upon him, burying him completely, and so frightfully injuring him that when he was extricated life was found to be extinct. A boy named Stone was working with him, but had gone about twenty yards away when the fall took place, and he immediately informed the men employed in the pit of the melancholy fate of his companion. The colliers hurried to the spot, and as speedily as possible removed the rubbish, and soon got out the lifeless body of the unfortunate man. It was conveyed to the deceased's house in West-street, where it now lies awaiting the coroner's inquiry. The pit was stopped for the remainder of the day. It is stated that the cause of the accident was the neglect of the deceased to "timber up" the roof as he proceeded, and no excuse can be offered for his not doing so, inasmuch as plenty of timber is provided by the proprietors.

## A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. FINLEN.

From a circular proposing a testimonial to Mr. James Finlen, we learn that this worthy "having been deprived of his employment and his prospects thereby blighted, in consequence of his exertions in the cause of Mercy on behalf of the men executed at Manchester, and his recent public sympathy with the cause of oppressed Ireland, has come to the determination of making America his future home." We cannot doubt that this determination on Mr. Finlen's part will give general satisfaction, and we trust that no unforeseen accident will prevent its fulfilment. In case any delay should arise through want of funds for Mr. Finlen's passage money, a halfpenny subscription might perhaps be raised among the working men from whom the police had to protect him when he called his Fenian meeting at Clerkenwell. One or two other gentlemen of Mr. Finlen's persuasion might follow his excellent example to the general advantage.

ELEVEN persons, chiefly Irishmen, employed in the iron works in the neighbourhood of Dow-la, have been before the Merthyr Tydvil bench charged with administering the Fenian oath and generally with treason-felony. The principal evidence was that of an approver, named Patrick Coffey. One of the accused, named Barrett, was discharged, the magistrates being of opinion that no inculpatory facts had been deposited to with respect to him, but the other ten were committed for trial.

SLAVERY IN WALRUSSIA.—Having settled the slavery question in the South, the Americans have just discovered that Mr. Seward has presented them with a similar institution prevailing among the Indians of Walrussia. Caste is the basis of society in that region, and it rests upon the number of blankets and slaves owned by the several families, the slaves being the captives from other tribes. The Indians are of the Mongolian type, beyond all others in America. Each family has a coat of arms carved on its shanty, &c.—the devices of the chief families being the bear, wolf, and serpent. The women ornament themselves with a pin of gold, silver, or ivory inserted in the lower lip—projecting one or two inches—which is made larger as they grow older. When a master dies his slaves are sacrificed at his funeral, the belief being that they will continue to serve him in the world of spirits. It is said that the "land grabbers" have been busy in Sitka, and that there is hardly a square foot of ground that has not been squatted upon.

ENTERTAINMENTS AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The question raised at Bow-street last March with respect to the legality of certain entertainments at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, called "Sunday Evenings for the People," has been up again before Sir Thomas Henry. The building having been pulled down, and the new Queen's Theatre erected on its site, Sir Thomas thought there was an end of the case; but the information, it appears, was persisted in for the purpose of trying the legality of such Sunday entertainments. With this view a nominal fine was indicated, and a case for the Court of Queen's Bench agreed to.

PAY IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—Although Prussian officers are apt to show a decided tendency to corpulency, it is clearly not on their wages from the State that they prosper. The increase of pay which has just been granted to the army does not bring the salary of lieutenants up to more than from twenty-five to thirty thalers a month, with a small allowance for board and lodging. Colonels are now to get 2,600 thalers, with several extras for horses; surgeons from 600 to 3,000 thalers, and so on. The *Times* Berlin correspondent remarks that as officers have unusually good chances in the matrimonial lottery they find that the epaulettes pay in one way if not in another. Besides, not a few of them are, in our own army, men of independent means.

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